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Class of 1923



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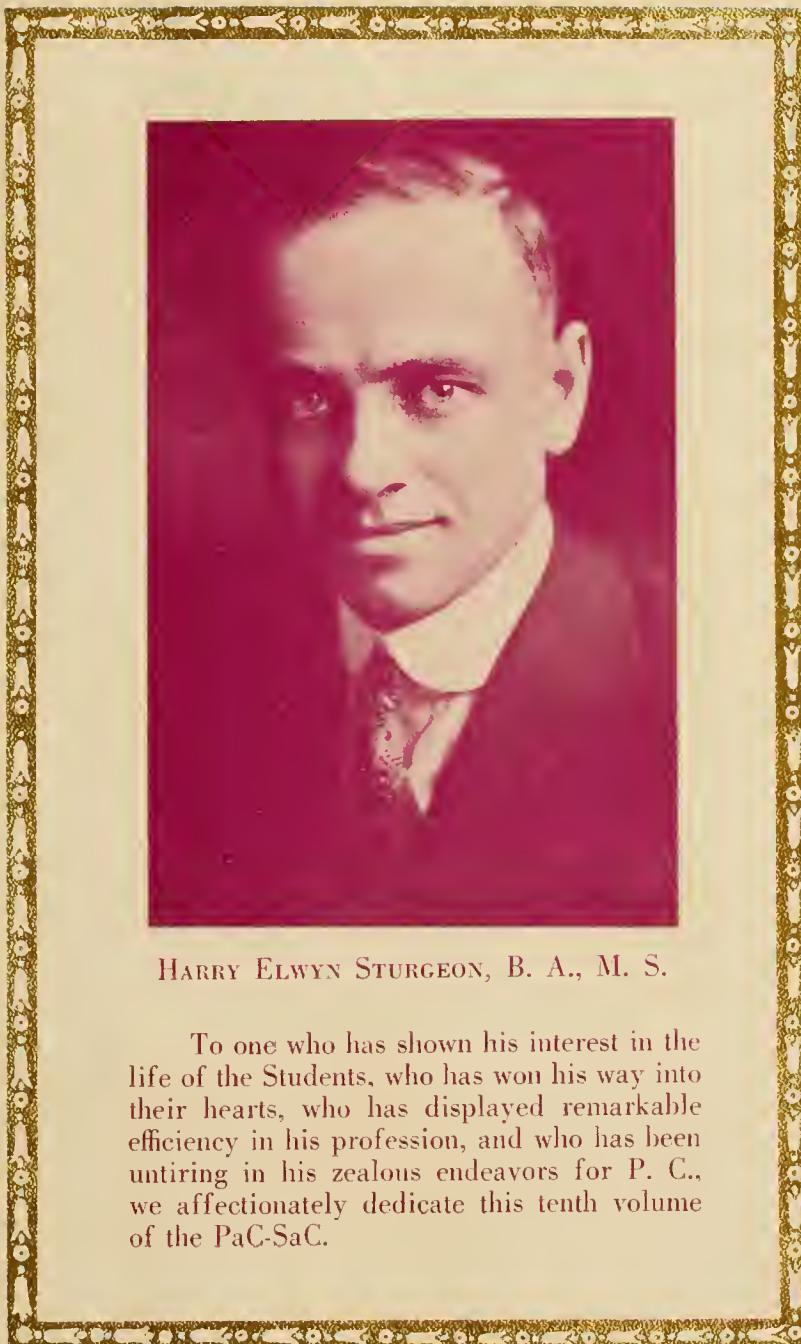
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HARRY ELWYN STURGEON, B. A., M. S.

To one who has shown his interest in the life of the Students, who has won his way into their hearts, who has displayed remarkable efficiency in his profession, and who has been untiring in his zealous endeavors for P. C., we affectionately dedicate this tenth volume of the PaC-SaC.

In Memoriam

MRS. ELIZABETH MULLER BRIMM,

Wife of our beloved Friend and Teacher

Dr. Daniel Johnson Brimm;

BORN NOVEMBER 1, 1861

DIED OCTOBER 20, 1922

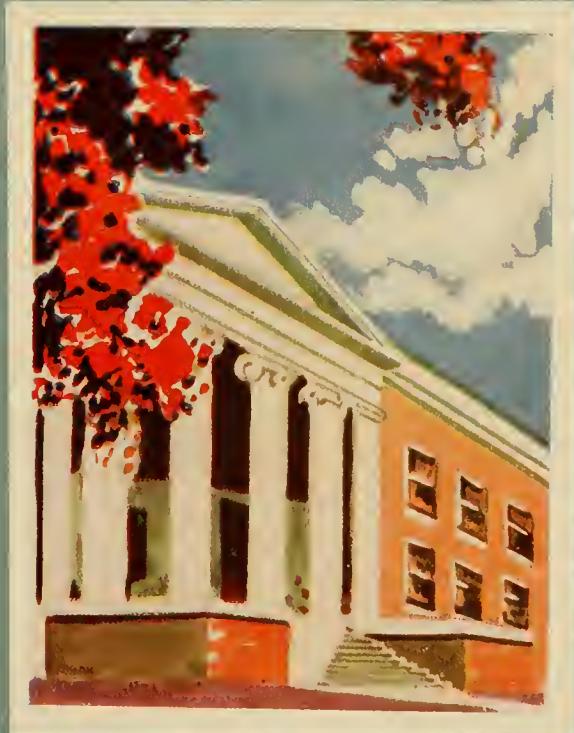
Truly, a Christian has been in our midst. To know her was to love her; her beautiful life was an inspiration to those who were privileged to associate with her.

CONTENTS



Foreword

GENTLE READER look not upon the contents of this book with critical eye, for if you do you will become discouraged and lay it aside; but if, in future years you can view again the history of college days nearly grown dim, and if you can live once more the life exemplified on these pages, if you can feel anew the rapture of friendships formed, if memory will fill your heart with joy, we shall feel that our efforts will have been sufficiently rewarded.



BOOK OF
THE COLLEGE



FACULTY

The Faculty

DAVIDSON McDOWELL DOUGLAS, B. A., M. A., D. D.
President

B. A. Davidson College; M. A. University of South Carolina; Student Louisville Theological Seminary; B. D. Columbia Theological Seminary; D. D. Davidson College, N. C.; Princeton Theological Seminary; Johns Hopkins University; Minister Presbyterian Church in U. S., Brevard, N. C.; Pastor, Maryland Avenue Presbyterian Church, Baltimore, Md.; President Presbyterian College South Carolina.

ALMOND EDWIN SPENCER, B. A., M. A., LL.D.
Vice-President and Professor of Greek and French

B. A., and M. A. Central University; Principal Reidville High School, Spartanburg, S. C.; Professor of Greek and French, Presbyterian College of South Carolina; Vice-President of the Presbyterian College of South Carolina.

DANIEL JOHNSON BRIMM, B. A., M. A., D. D.
Professor of Bible and Pedagogy

B. A. Southwestern Presbyterian University; Columbia Theological Seminary; Professor of Academy, Franklin, Kentucky; Assistant Professor of Greek and Hebrew, Columbia Theological Seminary, Columbia, S. C.; Professor of New Testament Literature and Exegesis, Columbia Theological Seminary; Superintendent Catawba Military Academy; Minister Presbyterian Church in the U. S.; Professor of Bible and Pedagogy, Presbyterian College of South Carolina.

FRANK DUDLEY JONES, B. A., D. D.
Professor of Philosophy and Psychology

B. A. Davidson College; Columbia Theological Seminary; Minister, Presbyterian Church in the U. S.; Professor of Philosophy and Psychology, Presbyterian College of South Carolina.

ABRAM VENABLE MARTIN, B. A.
Professor of Mathematics

A. B. Hampden Sidney College; University of Virginia; Cornell University; Principal of McMinn Academy, Rogersville, Tenn; Professor of Mathematics and Natural Science, Presbyterian College of South Carolina; Professor of Mathematics, Kings College; Professor of Mathematics, Presbyterian College of South Carolina.

MALCOMB GRAHAM WOODWORTH, B. A., D. D.
Professor of English

B. A. Hampden Sidney College; Union Theological Seminary; Minister, Presbyterian Church in the U. S.; Professor of English and History, Presbyterian College of South Carolina; Professor of English, Davies and Elkins College; Professor of English, Presbyterian College of South Carolina.

JAMES BOYD KENNEDY, B. A., M. A., Ph.D.*Professor of History, Economics, and Political Science*

B. A., M. A., Erskine College; Ph.D., Johns Hopkins University; Assistant Professor, Johns Hopkins University; Professor of Sociology and Economics, Wells College; Professor, Economics and Sociology, Union College; Member American Economic Association; Author "Beneficiary Features of American Trade Union"; Professor Economics, Presbyterian College of South Carolina; Author of "Beneficiary Features of Iron Moulders of North America."

BOTHWELL GRAHAM, JR., B. A., M. A.*Professor Latin, German and Spanish*

B. A. University of Georgia; M. A. Harvard University; Professor of Latin, German and Spanish, Presbyterian College of South Carolina.

HARRY ELWYN STURGEON, B. A., M. S.*Professor of Chemistry*

B. A. Cooper College; M. S. Purdue University; University of Chicago; Professor of Science and Mathematics, Shenandoah Collegiate Institute; Assistant in Chemistry, Purdue University; Professor in Chemistry, University of Arkansas; 1st Lieutenant, Sanitary Corps U. S. Army; Professor of Chemistry, Presbyterian College of South Carolina.

WILLIAM EDWIN HOY, JR., B. A., Ph.D.*Professor of Biology and Geology*

B. A. Franklin and Marshall College; Ph.D. Princeton University; Instructor in Biology, University of Rochester; Private M. D., U. S. A.; Professor of Biology, Presbyterian College of South Carolina.

ADOLPH THEODORE FANT, B. A., M. S.*Professor of Physics*

B. A. Augustana College; M. S. State University of Iowa; Assistant in Instruction and research work, S. U. of Iowa; Professor of Physics, Presbyterian College of South Carolina.

EDWARD L. GLASGOW, COLONEL U. S. A., Ret.*Professor of Military Science and Tactics*

University of Kansas; County Superintendent of Education; 1st Lieutenant; Captain, Volunteer Forces, Spanish American War; Captain National Guard and Volunteer Forces; 1st Lieutenant U. S. A. Regular Army; Artillery after Spanish American War. Passing thru grades to Colonel A. E. F.; Chief Quartermaster Sixth Army Corps World War.

DAVID R. NIMOCKS, 1ST LIEUTENANT, INFANTRY
Assistant Professor of Military Science and Tactics

Davidson College: Private, Corporal, Sergeant, and 2nd Lieutenant Infantry During World War; 1st Lieutenant Infantry Regular Army July 1st 1920; Graduate Infantry School 1922.

WALTER A. JOHNSON
Physical Director

Normal School of Physical Education, Battle Creek, Michigan: Top Sergeant A. E. F., 85th Division; Athletic Director Camp Sevier, Under Auspices of Y. M. C. A; Head Coach, Athletics, Presbyterian College of South Carolina.

JAMES W. DAVIS, M. D.
College Physician

A. B. Presbyterian College of South Carolina; M. D. Medical College of the State of South Carolina; Interne, House Staff of Charleston City Hospital; Graduate Course New York Polyclinic School and Hospital; Captain U. S. A., Camp Greenleaf Medical Officers Training Camp; College Physician, Presbyterian College of South Carolina.

HENRY M. BRIMM, B. A.
Librarian

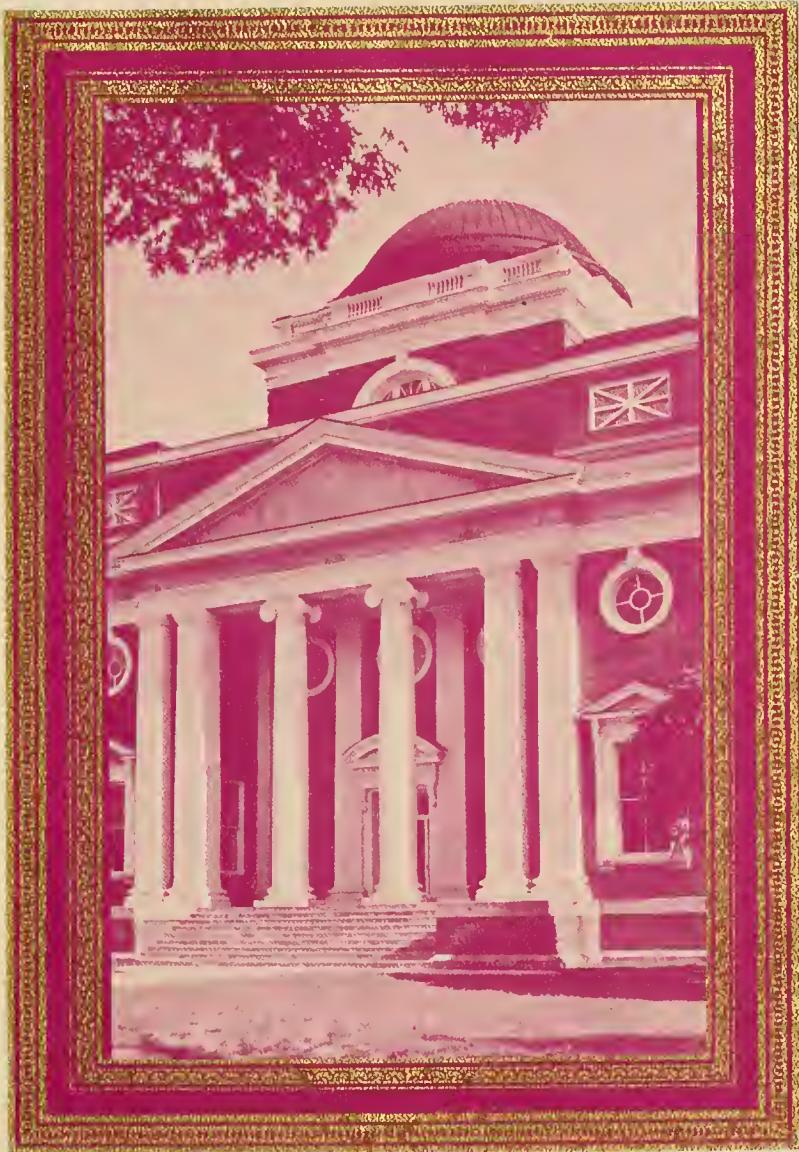
B. A. Presbyterian College of South Carolina.

JOHN HOLLAND HUNTER, B. A.
Business Manager

B. A. Presbyterian College of South Carolina.

HUGH L. EICHELBERGER, B. A.
Assistant Coach

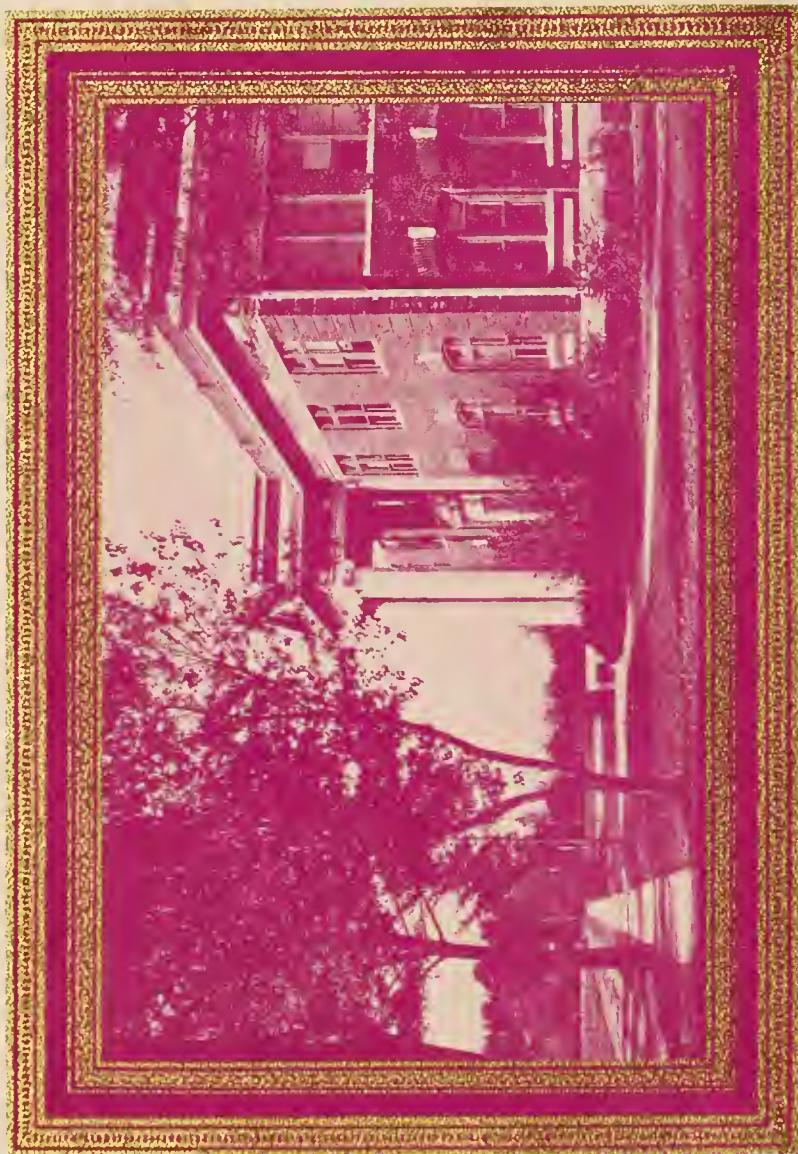
B. A. Presbyterian College of South Carolina; U. S. Army Aviation Corps '18; All-State Tackle '17-'19-'20.



THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING

*How dear and sacred are thy walls to me,
Thy majestic dome;
Knowledge, wisdom, destinies are gained
In thy home.*

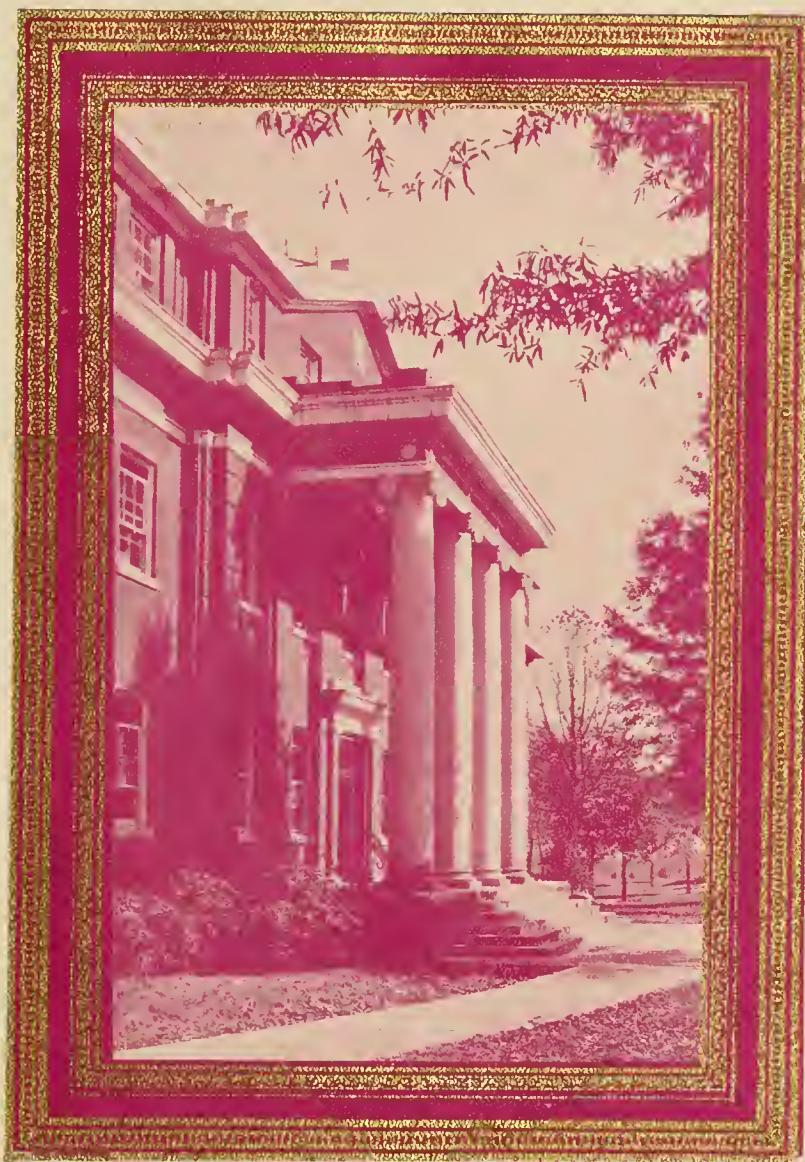




THE SCIENCE HALL.

*There, midst odors unlike perfume,
"Lab" was worked 'till late at noon;
Cats, bugs,
Gas, methane,
Rats, Physics,
Work's a pain;
Memory will ever come back with regret
Of the science hall hours that I have met.*

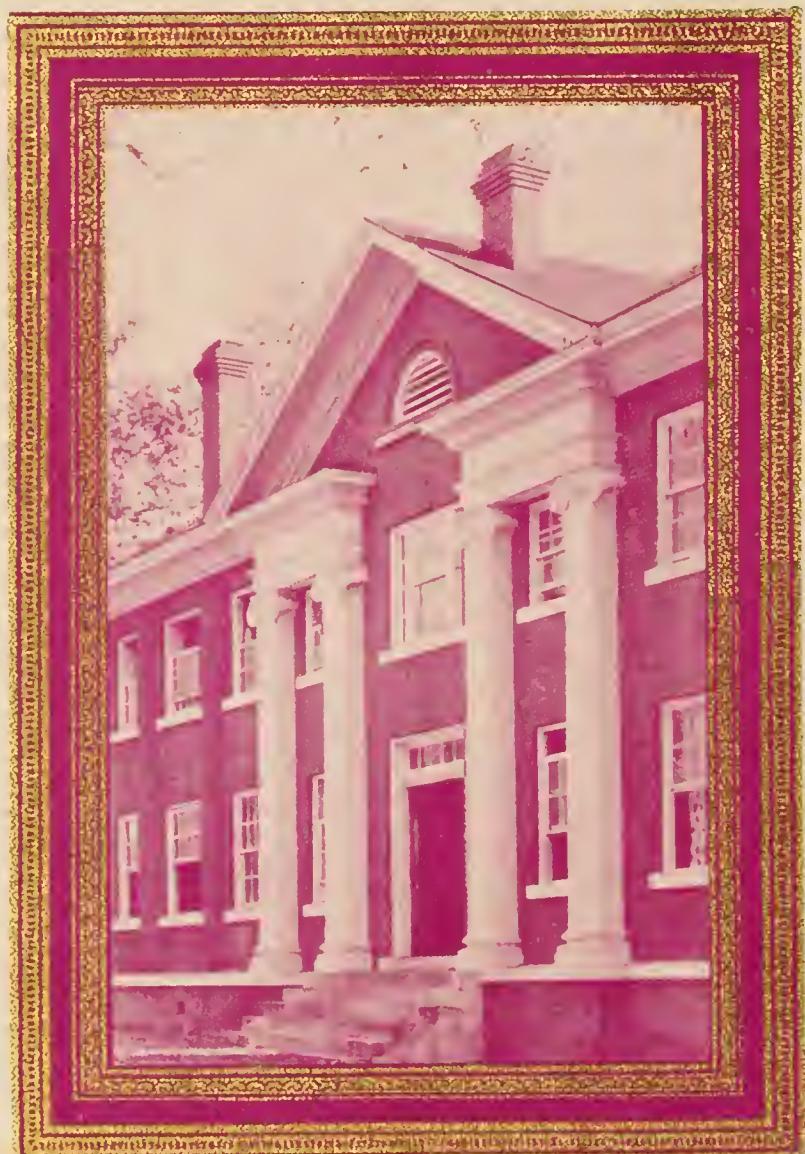




SPENCER HALL

*Frolic! mirth! joy! It's worth
More than the world to me;
To have lived and made friends,
Yes, labored some too,
In Spencer of dear old P. C.*





LAURENS HALL



*Calm, quiet, and peaceful,
Lost in the forest trees;
Away from the noise of students' joys,
Indust'ously toiling the faculty's schooling;
Mem'ry will ever enchant me
Of companions and friendships here.*



ALUMNI HALL

*"To these walls of gray
The ivy clings,
With tendrils
That seek to embrace.
To these walls of gray
Our mem'ry clings,
For we love
Their beauty and grace."*



JUDD HALL

*If what hopes have been foiled, expectations deluded,
When matrons did not care;
But now joy's complete, it ends all "toot sweet,"
Mrs. Hunter's the reason, it's clear.*





PAC "SAC

PAC "SAC



SENIOR CLASS

Senior Class Officers

C. J. Milling	President
M. A. MacDonald	Vice-President
D. L. Williamson	Secretary and Treasurer
S. H. Edmunds	Historian
W. T. Wade	Poet
J. E. Raffield	Prophet

Senior Class Poem

(ACCORDING TO KAHYAM)

*The sands run slowly in the upturned glass
 But steadily run on, and ere we pass
 Another milestone on the way of life
 The bottom cone will hold the entire mass.*

*For four long years we all together learned;
 The midnight oil by gallon cans we burned.
 Yet some will say "It's all a bloomin' lie."
 That by our bluff our valued dips we earned.*

*Along the rocky path of our fist mile
 We always took our Physics with a smile,
 And 'twas quite natural when we passed the stone
 To carry on instructions for a while.*

*Though small in numbers we were true and strong,
 Like Arthur's knights of old, we righted wrong;
 Held loyally together to the last,
 And with our paddles helped the rats along.*

*Our share of fun we took; alike we shared
 The work, the task assigned, for none feared
 The sweat of honest toil; and so we did
 More than our predecessors ever dared.*

*They called us "Bolsheriiks", and tore their hair,
 And rent the linen garments that they wear,
 But now to Anniston they point with pride,
 And to the other honors which we bear.*

*And now, the time has come when we must part
 And take our places in the busy mart;
 Yet, ere we on life's boundless sea embark,
 To P. C. give we credit for our chart.*

—POET '23.

WILLIAM RAY ANDERSON, A. B.
Laurens, S. C.

*Aesir
Euk.*

Class Football, 1919-'20-'21; 1st Censor, Vice-President, President Society; Corporal, Sergeant, and 1st Sergeant R. O. T. C.; Vice-President Laurens County Club; Camp McClellan Club; Dramatic Club.

*"Be true—serve:
Then your reward will be what
you deserve."*

In the Fall of 1919, a sunburned, snaggle-toothed lad matriculated at P. C., thereby becoming a member of one of the best classes that ever infested the campus. This lad of the tomb-stone incisors was William Ray Anderson to the Freshmen of next year, "Bill" to the rest of the class of '23, and Ned to the ladies. Bill, however,



has since worked his way into the hearts of all his fellow students. He has a kind heart and a ready and cheerful grin for all occasions. He is a "Bear" with the ladies, and upon occasion tries to look like a "teahound". Don't tell him, but he miserably fails in this, much to his credit. He has a refined sense of humor, is loyal and chivalrous, and those who know the man cannot help but love him.

Ned expects to vend pink pills for pale people, tho' we believe Osteopathy would appeal to him more. Good Luck! Bill, and may success reward you in whatever line of work you choose to follow.



WILLIAM PARKER BOWIE, A. B.
Iva, S. C.

Phil.

Entered College '18; Varsity Track Team '21; Class Football '21-'22; Class Basketball '18-'19; Inter Society Orator; Commencement Orator; Camp McClellan Club; Camp Knox Club; Corporal, Sergeant, 2nd Lieutenant, 1st Lieutenant R. O. T. C.; Blue Stocking Staff, '22.

*"His smile shows his happiness.
His friends his popularity."*

Parker hails from Iva, S. C., the smallest town in South Carolina, next to Chester. This is also the home of Dewey Hall, and sundry other more or less intelligent creatures. Bowie is a man of few words, a fiery orator, and a confirmed ladies man—at home.

His good nature and generosity have won for him a host of friends among the Faculty as well as



among the student body. He possesses one of the rarest gifts bestowed by nature—a genuine, old fashioned guffaw! Loud and long he laughs! "and the world laughs with him."

Bowie will always be remembered for that laugh of his, and his willing hand to help at any time. We are not sure whether at present his heart is centered at Anderson College, D. W., W. C., Coker, Columbia, Converse, Chicora, Limestone, or at home in Iva. He has at various times been interested in all those places. However, we part with the wish that wherever she is, will smile upon his suit, and make him remain as happy as he naturally is.



JAMES BLAINE CLOWNEY, A. B.
Chester, S. C.

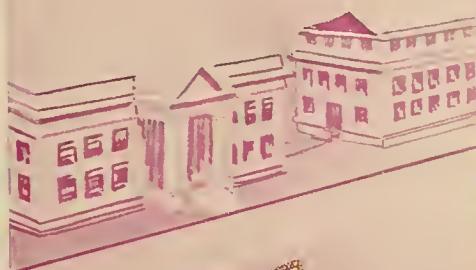
*Aesir
Phil.*

Football (3), Captain '22; Class Football '19; Philomathean Society: Attended three times; Vice-President.

"A lad of mettle—aye, every inch a man."

About the unkindest cut a man could give "Coon" is to say he is ugly, for that he is "nothing else but." However, there is no use in telling him so. Just jolly him along, and let it go at that.

In many respects, Clowney has the most marvelous constitution of anyone in the class of '23. He can be desperately ill with pneumonia during Spanish, then undergo a miraculous recovery, only to be smitten with the small pox or something as virulent when Economics rolls around. He has



even been known to have a case of "sleeping sickness" during Pedagogy. In spite of such constitutional failings, Clowney has "made the grade"; he has survived the test; he faces the world as a finished product of "Big Dick's Christian College."

"Coon" has one of the most likeable personalities we know of anywhere. You simply cannot associate with him and not like him. For our own part, we have a feeling of affection for this homely youth—and it is not solely for his ability as a football captain, either. In short, Clowney has those qualities that characterize a Man: courage, humor, frankness, friendliness, and personality. It is with a true, deep regret that we realize that no more can we associate with "Coon" in the same free, joyous spirit of the past four years, for our paths now part. Never shall we forget him.



MARSHALL COLEMAN DENDY
Seneca, S. C.

Pi Kappa Phi
Pi Kappa Delta.
Phil.

Entered College '19; Philomathean Literary Society; Chaplain; Corresponding Secretary; Recording Secretary; Critic; Literary Editor; Business Manager The Collegian; Society Declaimer; debator; winner Orator's Medal; Secretary and Treasurer Freshman Class; President Junior Class; Student Council (3); Secretary Student Body; Corporal, Lieutenant, R. O. T. C.; Captain Tennis Team; Wearer of the "P"; Captain Junior Class Football Team; Manager Varsity Football; Cheer Leader (2); Member, Manager, and director Glee Club; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet; President Pi Kappa Delta; Local Editor, Editor-in-Chief PaC-SaC.

*"A Truer, Nobler, Trustier heart,
more loving or more loyal,
never beat within a human
breast."*

This young man has been handicapped



since 1902. Unfortunately, one third of his life has been spent in bed, otherwise he would have reached a higher plane on the pinnacle of success. However, we guess that he has done as well as anyone, considering that the one-third of his time that was spent in bed were but his "allotted eight."

After spending four years here and most of the last three visiting Chicora, he has been overheard to remark that he likes Clinton so well that he intends to either preach or do "something else here." But we do know that there have been very few men who have been able to COPE with him in LANDING a girl!!! He certainly has not been asleep all the time.

And now coming to the part where we have to do most of our graceful prevaricating, Marshall possesses a quiet unassuming manner which has won for him hosts of friends. Being one of the leaders in all lines of collegiate work, and enjoying a popularity attained by a select few, his honors have not given rise to conceit, and he goes out from us respected and loved by every member of the Student Body. He knows that when he enters the ministry, there's going to be a shortage of stokers in the place that Sherman said war was.

THOMAS GLENN DULIN, A. B.

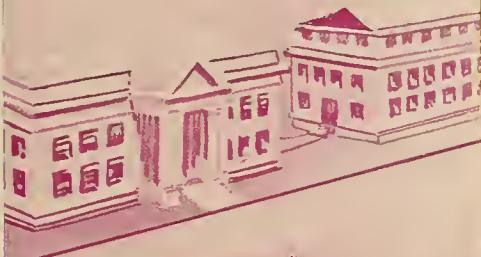
Clover, S. C.

Pi Kappa Phi
Euk.

Class Football 1919-'20-'21; Scrub Football '21-'22; Varsity Football '22; Conductor, Sergeant-at-Arms, Corresponding Secretary, 2nd Monitor, Vice-President Eukosmian Society; Corporal, Sergeant R. O. T. C.; Member, President York County Club; Commencement Orator; Corresponding Secretary State Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Contest; Dramatic Club; Wearer of the "P."

"A friend with all hazards we can run."

Nature has so constructed some men that they can never make a living by heading pigs in ditches. Glenn Dulin, however, is more fortunate than the above type. No pig has yet been discovered that can penetrate his "X" shaped defense.



Perhaps a guinea pig might, but then "pigs is pigs."

Now pig heading is not the only accomplishment possessed by this loyal son of old '23. He's pretty good when it comes to making a hit with the ladies (he must be, he told us he was). And he has that which every one needs and so few really possess, a genuine, sincere, kind heart. "Jewling" is one of those rare individuals who will divide his last hot dog and you will get two-thirds of it. Glenn is also very broad-minded, seeing two sides to every question, his side and the wrong side. He served his college for four years on the gridiron, and has at last made a well deserved letter. No one is more loyal to P. C. and to the class of '23, than is Tub, (another of his many pet names). The suite on the third floor will miss you Glenn, as will P. C. So long, and don't forget the stacomb!



ROBERT LELAND EDMUNDS, Jr., A.B.
Sumter, S. C.

*Aesir
Phil.*

Entered College '19: President Freshman Class; Historian Junior Class; Blue Stocking Staff (2); Assistant Manager Basketball; Manager Basketball; Advertising Manager PaC-SaC; Class Football; Dramatic Club; Sumter County Club; Manager's Club; R. O. T. C., Corporal; Student Assistant in Physics; Corresponding Secretary of Society; Athletic Council.

"The world looks brighter from behind a smile."

Here is Bobbie, as he is known on the campus, and to his many intimate friends. He came to P. C. in '19 to cast his lot with the class of '23, and he has played his part well, in his many different lines of college activities. Bob is a conscientious and persevering

student, always ready and glad to shoulder his portion of the burden of the class or to share in its mirth and fun. He is one of whom it can be truly said his friends are numbered by his acquaintances; his sterling character and disposition are such that they attract and draw you nearer to him; and when you come to know him, you realize that you have a true friend in whom you can confide your troubles, and anxieties, knowing his easy going, jolly disposition and sincere sympathy will help you.

We wish you much success in your life's work, and if success at college is a pointer to the degree of success one is to attain in after life, we all know that you are certain to succeed, for your tenacity of purpose and high ideals are bound to win you fame.



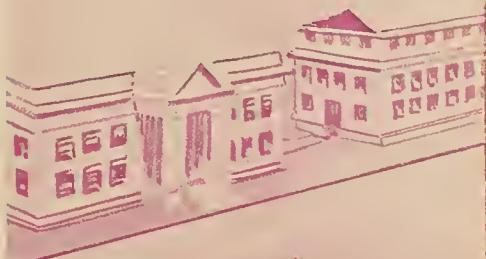
SAMUEL HENRY EDMUNDS, Jr., A.B.
Sumter, S. C.

*Owl
Phil.*

Class Football (3); Class Basketball; Tennis Team (2); Varsity Basketball (2); Manager Tennis Team (2); First Censor, Critic, of Society; Glee Club (3); Manager Glee Club; Member and Manager Orchestra; Orators Club; Debaters Club; Assistant in Department of Psychology; Historian Senior Class; R. O. T. C., First Sergeant, Battalion Supply Sergeant, First Lieutenant, Captain; Camp McClellan Club; Vice-President Sumter County Club; Local Editor PaC-SaC; Managing Editor, Blue Stocking.

"He was a man, take him all in all; I shall not look upon his like again."

All Hail! the Mighty Duke! He has taken off every medal or prize offered for the most efficient procrastinator! But with it all, one can always depend on Henry to accomplish what he undertakes. His



ability is not to be "Sneezed" at. By the way, he is a "songbird" of some renown, having sung for three years on the famous P. C. Glee Club. (Some say that he hangs on his limbs like a mocking bird). Henry is another of Sumter's famous sons. We wonder sometimes how one little city can give rise to so many capable men. As a soldier, there is not a better drill master than he. Without the racket of Henry and "Chap." dormitory life would grow monotonous.

Courteous, friendly, loyal, and sincere are the attributes of this son of P. C. We know that you are going to succeed, Henry, and our class will follow your success with interest.



WILLIAM PARKER GOURDIN, A. B.
Pineville, S. C.

*Owl
Phil.*

Assistant Business Manager PaC-SaC; Platoon Sergeant R. O. T. C.; Camp McClellan Club.

*"Who relished a joke, and rejoiced in a pun.
Rare compound of oddity, frolic,
and fun."*

If you don't believe "Bill" is from the low country, talk to him. He is as "Broguish" as a new pair of twenty-dollar "walk-unders." That's what makes people listen when he talks. So you can imagine what kind of language he speaks when he mixes the low country brogue with the German language (he isn't a German tho').

Dr. Gourdine, as he will be called in the near future, has for his



hobby, cats, frogs, H. S., and German. With these as his favorites we predict a learned future for him.

However, putting aside all jokes, except Bill, and getting serious for once (for really this is getting serious), Bill is one of the most popular men in the class, both with the students and with the members of the Faculty. He has a manner repulsive to the distasteful things in this life, and his cheerful ways are envied by all his companions. Ole fellow, we wish you all the luck in this world, and in the next. (If you get to the next world). The world owes you a successful life, so may success reward your efforts.



WILLIAM DEWEY HALL, A. B.
Iva, S. C.

Phil.

Entered College '19; Class Football;
Secretary Society; Corporal R. O. T. C.

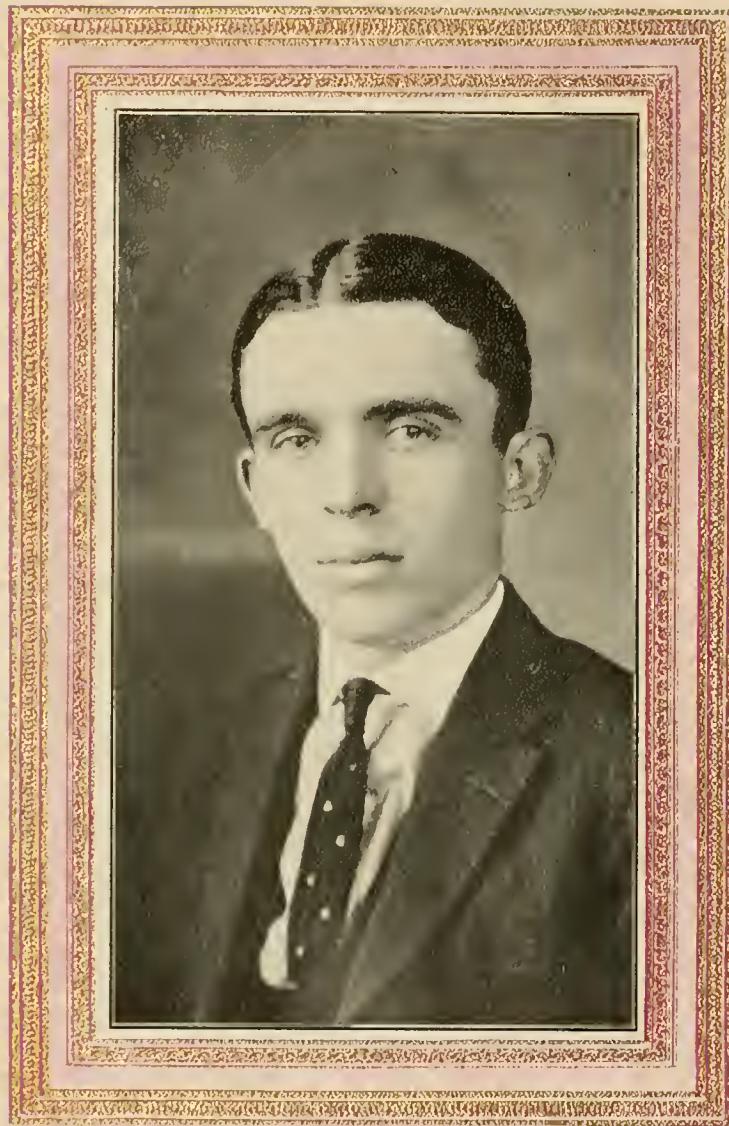
*"I had rather make tetramethyl
diamidobenzophenone chloride
than eat."*

Here he is, gentlemen, German shark, math shark, independent thinker, and loyal friend. He is something of a lady killer, too, in his quiet way. You can judge from the above horror as to whether or not he is very long on looks, but behind that face is the finest collection of "horse sense" you ever saw; and what is more—character. Were we asked to place our finger on a real P. C. man, we would point unhesitatingly to W. D. Hall. He is one of those



rare individuals who can look on both sides of a question, carefully weigh the matter, and then quietly decide it for himself. And once he has decided, Hall clings to his views with the proverbial bulldog tenacity. Truly he is one of the few men of whom it can be said that college politics has no charm for him or no effect upon him.

And so we pass, old scout, a friendly smile, a warm grip, and good-bye.



CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS HINDMAN,
JR., A. B.
Greenville, S. C.

Phil.

"His future is aglow with possibilities."

Some men discover early mistakes in time to correct them; some never change the error of their youth. Hindman is of the former type, for he did not join us until our Junior year. However, he should not worry over the fact that the first two years were spent at Furman, but he should be proud of his judgment in spending the last two at P. C. Our two years spent with Hindman have been pleasant ones, for he is an agreeable, easy-going lad.

Plus this he is a merchant prince of no small degree. Many a time, and often, have hungry lads



resorted to Hindman's room, there to satiate their aching voids. An obliging disposition and a cheery greeting add to this lad's popularity. Who knows what Hindman will do as a life work? Regardless of his occupation, we may be sure that such qualities as good nature, courtesy, and a native commercial instinct will make Hindman's path in life one of usefulness and happiness.



DONALD FRASER KIRVEN
Sumter, S. C.

*Aesir
Phil.*

Class Football (2); Varsity Football (2); Class Basketball; Varsity Sub (3); Vice-President, President Society; President Sumter County Club; Vice-President Junior Class; Student Council (2); President of Student Body; R. O. T. C., Corporal (2); Sergeant Camp McClellan Club; Student Assistant in Biology (2); Wearer of the "P"; Senior Class Editor of PaC-SaC.

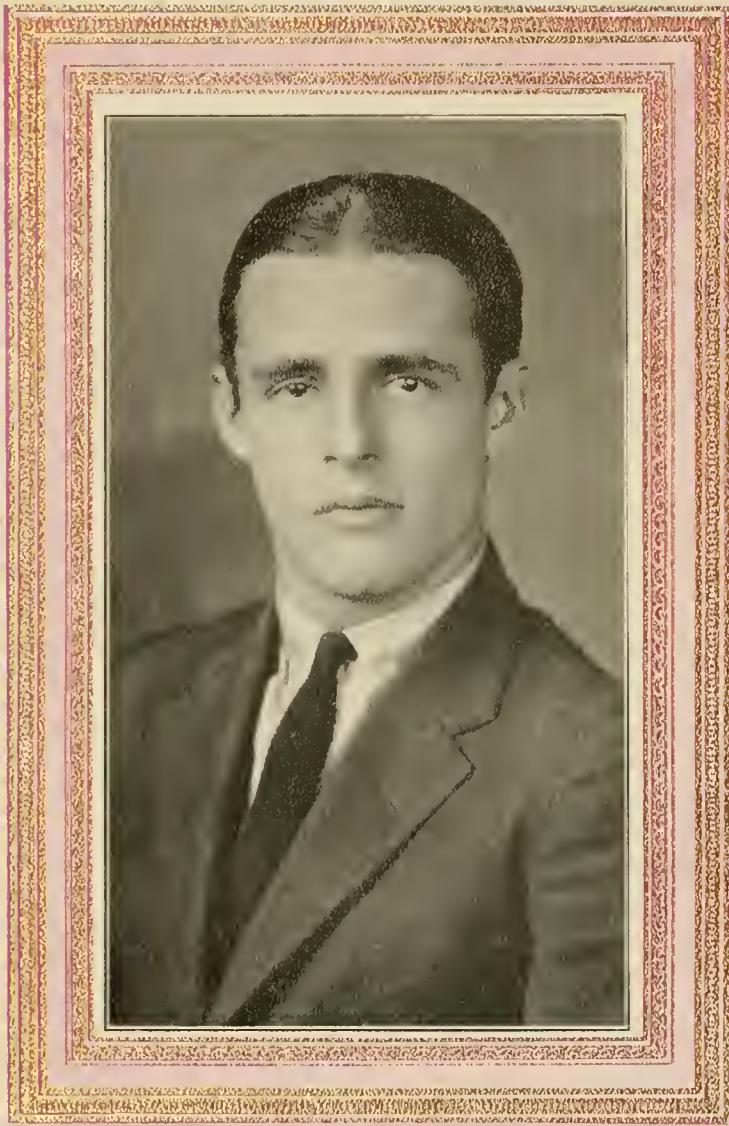
*"'Tis this that everyone would say,
He's a jolly good fellow in every
way."*

"Say fellows, how 'bout keeping quiet, it's study hall." This is a famous saying of Donnie. And we might add that the fellows kept quiet, for they respected this man. He has made an earnest president of the Student



Body, and has lived up to the confidence that his fellow students placed in him. There is not a better student or a harder working man in the Class of '23. "Pinky" would be a handsome fellow if his ears didn't protrude so much. But don't train them differently, Donnie, for really they are becoming. Such hard workers as this man is, has helped Coach to put out winning teams on the Gridiron.

There is a smile and a pleasant word for everyone from Donnie. And this is a quality that will help him to make such a splendid physician. We will "Patiently" wait to hear from you, Pinky.



HERBERT LIVINGSTON LAWS, A. B.
York, S. C.

*Aesir
Phil.*

Varsity Track; Class Football (3); S. C. W.; York County Club; 2nd Censor, Secretary; Winner Improvement medal Phil. Society; Debating club; Secretary Junior Class; Wearer of the "P"; Assistant in Psychology; Corporal, R. O. T. C.; Secretary Camp McClellan Club; Vice-President York County Club.

"Put not thy trust in woman and their loving ways, for verily they shall be thy downfall."

Search in his memory book and you will find an excellent collection of photos—of himself. He of the "Million dollar feet" has this one vanity. But it is more than overcome many times by the really lovable character of the man.



Herbert is loyal to his friends, and outspoken to his enemies. But of the students of P. C., but few fall into the latter class. Herb has had one considerable difficulty, it appears, during the last few years as to where to bestow his affections. But as is the way with most Seniors he has at least settled the question—at least he says he has. If Laws stays single he expects to enter the ministry. If, however, he steps off too soon he will engage in lay work—probably in laying carpets.

We could tell a story on Herbert about Camp McClellan, but we're afraid he might not like it. Well, old fellow, we must leave you now and run down the next man. Good luck and God bless you.



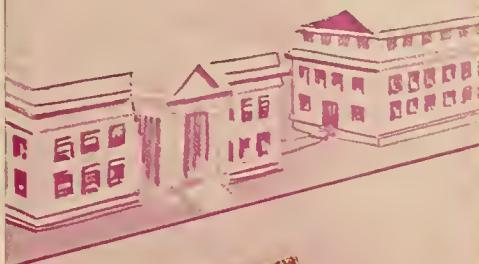
MALCOLM ALEXANDER
MACDONALD, B. A.
Blackstock, S. C.

*Aesir
Phil.*

Class Football (3); Varsity Baseball (2); Philomathean Literary Society, First Censor, Second Censor, Recording Secretary; Vice-President, and President, Chester County Club; Circulation Manager, Blue Stocking; Associate Editor, Blue Stocking; Club Editor, PaC-SaC; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet; R. O. T. C., Corporal (2), Sergeant, First Sergeant, Second Lieutenant; Camp McClellan Club; Vice-President, Senior Class; Assistant in Department of Psychology.

*"Happiness is cheaper than worry,
so why pay the higher price."*

Some unduly frank person once made the remark that study of the board bill would tell exactly where Alex had been spending his time—a low bill indicated that the blonde youth had visited extensively during the month, a high one



that he had remained right at "P. C. College" the entire month. To our mind, the remark was entirely uncalled for, because a man *must* eat, and if it takes a lot to fill him, why he just must be filled, that's all—even though it raises the pro rata share about \$12 or \$15 per month. Be that as it may, however, we make the unqualified statement, "good old Alex," for he is as jolly and good-natured as they make them. He can laugh at anything—when dinner is not late. But he is not merely a happy-go-lucky youth—far from it. Alex has a heart as big as—well, the Mammoth Cave will do. In addition, he does everything he undertakes with a thoroughness and conscientiousness that bodes well for him in after life.

In the four years we have known Mac, he has won for himself a distinctive place in our hearts. His friendliness and ability mark him as a worthy man in the class of '23, and we wish for this true classmate a success such as a man of high calibre deserves.



CHAPMAN JAMES MILLING
Darlington, S. C.

*Aesir
Phil*

Entered College '19; Class Football; Doorkeeper, First Censor, Critic, President, of Society; Poet Freshman Class; Poet Sophomore Class; Poet Junior Class; President Senior Class; R. O. T. C., Corporal, Sergeant, Lieutenant; Assistant Art Editor PaC.SaC '21-'22-'23; Blue Stocking Staff '20-'21; Literary Editor Blue Stocking '22; Editor-in-Chief Blue Stocking '23; Member Glee Club (4); Treasurer Thornwell Club; Camp McClellan Club; Chicora Club; Battalion Adjutant, R. O. T. C.

*"A Man—a friend—a gentleman
—and a jolly good fellow."*

You are now beholding one who is destined to become the World's renowned Biologist. He is indeed skilled in this branch of science. "Chap" is one of the most talented students that has ever at-



tended P. C. He is a writer of ability, and has made a ripping success of the "Blue Hosiery." He is well read and his field of knowledge is very wide. Chap is a great Friend(?) of student government, and hates (?) the idea of Bolshevism! But whatever his convictions are, the whole world will know them, for he is open and frank in his views.

Dr. Lynn might be able to inform us a little later as to the whereabouts of this man, for T. O. has again triumphed over the heart of a son of P. C. Your classmates expect to hear from you, Chap, and will be glad to tell of their four years spent with you.

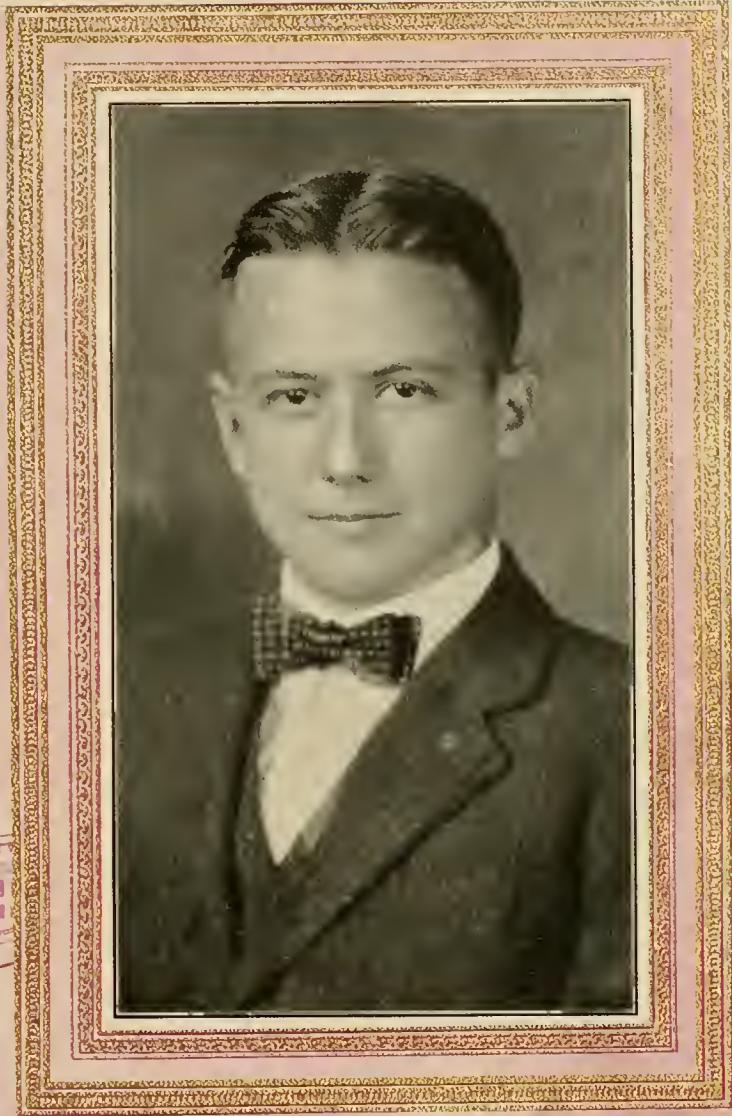


HAMPDEN EUGENE MONTGOMERY,
A. B.
Kingtree, S. C.

*Owl
Phil.*

Varsity Football; Captain Class Football; Wearer of "P"; Class Basketball; Manager Baseball; Athletic Correspondent (2); First Monitor, Chaplain, President, of Society; Chief Marshal. Commencement; Society Declaimer; Dual Debate; Blue Stocking Staff (2); Business Manager, Editor-in-Chief of Collegian; PaC-SaC Staff (2); Student Council; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet (3); Secretary and Treasurer Y. M. C. A.; President Sophomore Class; Editor, Junior Class; R. O. T. C., Corporal. First Sergeant, Adjutant; Camp McClellan Club; Student Assistant in English Department (2).

*"And still they gazed, and still
their wonder grew,
That one small head could carry
all he knew."*



This is the original "Bones." Just where he received this name is unknown for he is more like a butter ball. For four years Bones has told the faculty that he "knew his stuff," and he has pretty well convinced them that he does. He has not been quite so successful at Chicora—so Skimp says—but he might be able to strut his beans yet. But if he is as slow there as he is about coming to formations, he'll never make it. The Greenville News discovered that a Sporting Editor was in school here, and as a result, they have been favored with some of his works. It seems that he is an All-round man, for he debates and speaks with great ease, and, too, won his letter in football this year.

We are afraid that Brooklyn Bridge is going to be blown up some day so that this Civil Engineer may construct one that will withstand the tests of the ages. We will never have to worry about your future, Bones, for you cannot help but succeed.



JAMES LINA NICKLES, A. B.
Hodges, S. C.

Pi Kappa Alpha
Phil.

Philomathean Literary Society; Class
Football.

*"A key that will unlock the fairest
heart."*

Now, gentle reader, this specimen of the so-called stronger sex, is the one and only "Nick" from Hodges, S. C. We understand that when Nick left the prosperous little city, that its population decreased by twenty-five per cent.

The gentleman under consideration is absolutely ignorant—about women. The reason due to this hopeless state is most likely due to the fact that he has made the fair sex his life's study and the man who does that usually dies ignorant.



He came to us four years ago from the country, and not wishing to give up his native habits, decided to room in Laurens Hall. So there, mid the quiet shadows of the evening, he has made a record for himself in class work. His faithfulness there also characterizes his faithfulness to his friends. If "Nick" shows the same determination when he hits the trail through life, we predict that the end of the rainbow will be his.



WILLIAM SALTER PORTER, JR., A.B.
Georgetown, S. C.

Phil.

Blue Stocking Staff; PaC-SaC Staff;
Class Football; Corporal, First Sergeant,
Sergeant-Major, Major, R. O. T. C.;
U. S. Army, A. E. F.

*"Why worry? It will happen
anyway,
And sunshine drives the rain
away."*

Bill, Maje, or Willie, as he is often called, is a man of rare attributes. He is loyal, he is patient, he is kind, he is sincere. What a pity he couldn't have been good-looking!

Bill is the guy who commands the R. O. T. C. Battalion (when Major McNeil is not on the drill field). He is a military genius second only to Napoleon and Caesar, tho' it is claimed by some



that he has just a little edge on Napoleon. However, we cannot take up that question, tho' personally we think this dispute is due largely to the over-enthusiasm of his friends. He served his country in the World War, and received citations for gallantry in action. And were that country to call again Bill would be among the first to offer his life, if need be, for Old Glory.

Bill is the kind of fellow who pitches in and works, then talks afterward. Success will be his, for the genuine worth and the honor of a thoroughbred gentleman are not vain qualities.



MARCUS BROWN PRINCE, JR., A.B.
Lincolnton, Ga.

Euk.

Conductor, Second Monitor, Treasurer, and Critic, of Society; Winner of Eukosmian Improvement Medal; Class Football; PaCSaC Staff; Vice-President, Y. M. C. A.; President Georgia Crackers; Commencement Orator; R. O. T. C., Corporal, First Sergeant, Second Lieutenant; Student Assistant in Chemistry and Math. Departments.

"A fertile brain, a calm and purposeful spirit."

Even though Marcus did get a little red in the face at times—some blamed it on the Alabama sun, some on Alabama—and even though he taxed his vocabulary occasionally at Camp McClellan last summer, he is all right. When he first hit "P. C. College," he was like the rest of his classmates, green and ign'rant. But that un-



natural state soon gave way for one more "college-like." It proved to be just as easy to keep a good man down as to keep Prince from learning and studying. The inevitable result followed, today Marcus has something to show for his pains. Few moments has he idled away. But that does not mean that his efforts were always concentric, for they were not. Prince always could find time to take part in student life and activities—and he has derived much from contact with his fellow students, even as we have derived much from him. We can wish for Prince no better fortune than that the same steadfastness and nobleness of purpose that characterized his student life mark his future.

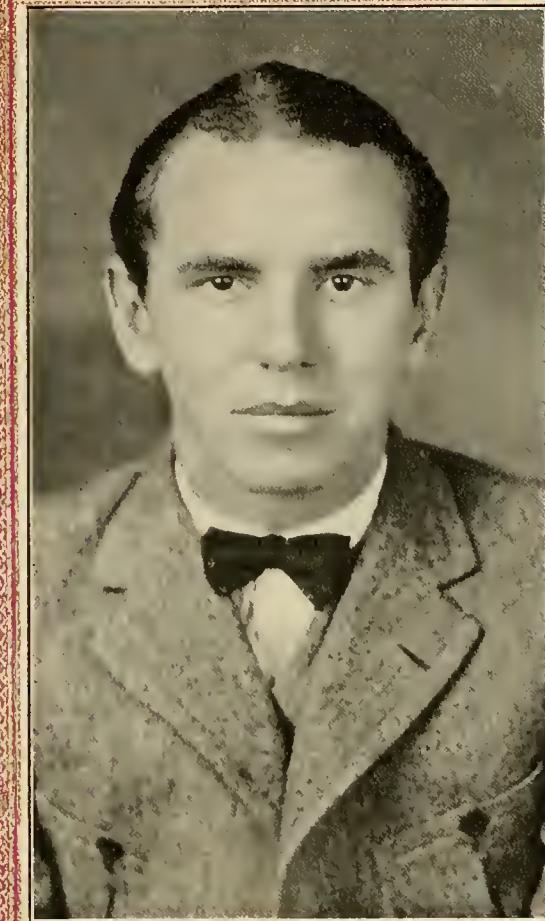
JAMES EVEROD RAFFIELD, A.B.
Sumter, S. C.

*Aesir
Phil.*

Entered College '19; First Censor; Treasurer of Society; Senior Class prophet; R. O. T. C., Corporal, Sergeant; Assistant Manager and Manager of Track; Assistant Cheer Leader and Cheer Leader; Sumter County Club; Camp McClellan Club; Dramatic Club; Wearer of the "P"; Manager's Club; Athletic Council.

*"We can sorrow if need be to-morrow,
But today is the time to live."*

Yes, gentlemen, this is "Barcus," the man with the funny face and the kindest heart that ever happened. "Barcus" is a man of few words, and fewer thoughts. His worried expression is the result of a nervous attack which he sustained recently, caused, it is believed,



from looking into a mirror. Barcus among others of our class was one of the Camp McClellan sufferers, but we won't tell you here what he said every morning at "reveille."

A sort of quiet humor, sarcastic, yet gentle, seems to be the most noticeable characteristics of his personality. He can stand any amount of "ragging" for an indefinite time, and can also give the same sort of thing when he thinks occasion permits its use. Never has P. C. been blessed with a better natured man, nor one with a kinder heart.

He is always thoroughly prepared even in English classes. So we know he will be equally well prepared to enter life; for a man with his shrewdness, common sense, gentlemanly manners, and genial good nature will succeed wherever he goes.



WILLIAM SIMPSON SCOTT, A. B.
Columbia, S. C.

*Aesir
Phil.*

Varsity Basketball Squad, '20; Varsity Basketball '21-'22-'23; Captain Freshman Basketball Team; All League Forward; Boxing Team, '22; Bantam and Featherweight Champion of South Carolina; Class Football (3); Secretary, Monitor Society; Vice-President Freshman Class; Captain Basketball; Wearer of the "P"; Athletic Correspondent; Class Historian; Cheer Leader; Blue Stocking Staff; Vice-President Columbia Club; Secretary Athletic Council; Corporal (2); Sergeant R. O. T. C.; McClellan Club.

"This fellow is wise enough to play the fool and do that well."

William Simpson Scott, alias Scottie, alias, cousin "Zube," hails from the capitol city of the Palmetto State, and like the city from which he comes he's a capital fellow.



Never a more likeable chap ever trod the cement walks of ole P. C. His exceptional personality and his willing smiles have won access to the hearts of his fellow students—and girls, and left many of the latter with the aforesaid organ broken.

Cousin "Zube," tho' classed with the mosquito weight, is a boxer of no mean ability, and possesses sting enough to hold his state titles of Bantam and Featherweight champion. For the past three years he has been a bright meteor flashing among other of South Carolina's star basketeers.

So, during the race towards graduation, Scottie has won for himself many laurels, and may the fates decree that he may win many more in his race through life.



JOHN WHITWORTH SHAW, JR., A.B.
Sumter, S. C.

*Owl
Phil.*

Entered College '19; Corporal R. O. T. C.; Secretary and Treasurer Sumter County Club.

"Give to the world the best that you have, and the best will come back to you."

If this product of Sumter, S. C., only possessed a queue, he would be taken for a Chinese laundryman; and in fact he is called "Chink." Though some of his many friends disagree as to whether he should be classed as a Chinaman or a Hebrew. Therefore he is also hailed as "Jew John Shaw," a term which it is alleged he prefers to "Shaw Boy."

Some time in the remote past



one of the immortals made the statement that "the simple silent selfless man is worth a world of tongue-tossers": to no one does this truth apply more correctly than to this kindly studious classmate of ours. He is usually to be found applying himself to his studies, or enjoying a quiet stroll along some woodside path. He has always a pleasant word for his fellow students; in fact his familiar "Skee" is known and welcomed by everybody at P. C.

We'll miss you when we are parted, "Shaw Boy," and we trust we'll find in the wide world as clever a fellow as you.



WILLIAM THOMPSON WADE, A.B.
Chester, S. C.

*Pi Kappa Delta
Phil.*

Varsity Football Team, '21-'22; Critic Philomathian Literary Society; PaC-SaC, '22; Business Manager PaC-SaC, '23; Blue Stocking Staff; Collegian Staff; Inter-Collegiate Debator; Debating Council (2); Secretary and Treasurer Orator's Club; President Debator's Club; Commencement Disclaimer; Secretary and Treasurer Sophomore Class; Manager Junior Football Team; Sergeant R. O. T. C. (3); Glee Club; Chester County Club (21); Treasurer Pi Kappa Delta; Member Student Council; Camp McClellan Club.

*"Remember the steam kettle,—
tho' up to its neck in hot water,
it continues to sing."*

William, as she would say it, but Bill as we would say it, is sometimes referred to as the Sheik of the Broad River, although he likes to claim Chester as his Oasis.



However, he can claim both for he loves his Camels and Chesterfields—depends altogether on which his friends happen to be carrying.

But being very versatile, he can cast off his Sheikish manner and shoot the "bull" until one is forced to call him Senator.

And so it is in this line of work that we predict for him a great future—not shooting the "lip"—but as a great lawyer. To make a success of anything, one must like to work and we believe Bill has a great LOVE to urge him on.

If his degree of success in life can be measured by his degree of success here, all we can say is that his likeable nature, his winning personality and his ability to handle affairs of all kinds will end in a blaze of glory.



DAVID LEE WILLIAMSON. A. B.
Belmont, N. C.

Euk.

Football (4); Basketball (3); Baseball (3), Captain '22; Corresponding Secretary, Recording Secretary, Critic, Vice-President, President of Society; Freshman Declaimer; Blue Stocking Staff; PaC-SaC Staff; Debating Council (2); Member Dramatic Club; R. O. T. C. Sergeant (2); First Lieutenant, Corporal Medical Corps, U. S. A. '18; Historian Freshman Class; Vice-President Sophomore Class; Secretary and Treasurer Senior Class; Student Council (3); Y. M. C. A. Cabinet; President Y. M. C. A.; President Foreigners' Club; Vice-President Athletic Association; President Student Christian Workers.

"A big heart, always wishing to do right and be friends with everybody."

Every pond has its big frog, and "Big Boy" is the "big frog" of the P. C. pond, or rather the '23 pond. Williamson won his way into our hearts from



the very first—in fact, he has always been our "Big Boy." Perhaps one reason is that he was, and still is for that matter, so much older than we are:—no, please don't ask him *that*, for he might feel bad. Few men have literally suffered so much for P. C. as has "Big Boy." Twice has he suffered the agony of a broken leg on the baseball diamond. Regardless of that handicap, he has done what few, very few, men have been able to do—win a letter in each major sport each year.

But it is not solely for athletic merit that Williamson is noted. He has always been a good, steady, conscientious student—but he does like to sleep while studying. Then he has found additional time to devote to any phase of college life and activity that might arise.

In short "Big Boy" is a true man, and he is a true friend to those so fortunate as to be able to claim it. He has a noble purpose in life, and he realizes what is needed for him to succeed in that purpose. Add to that a personality that makes him welcome any time and anywhere, and you have "Big Boy" as we know him.



JAMES CURTIS YOUNG, A. B.
Hodges, S. C.

*Pi Kappa Alpha
Phil.*

Entered College '19; Secretary, Vice-President, of Society; Assistant Editor-in-Chief of PaC-SaC; Collegian Staff; Blue Stocking Staff; Vice-President Student Body; Student Assistant in Chemistry 2 years; Member Student Council (2); Member Camp McClellan Club; R. O. T. C., Corporal, Sergeant.

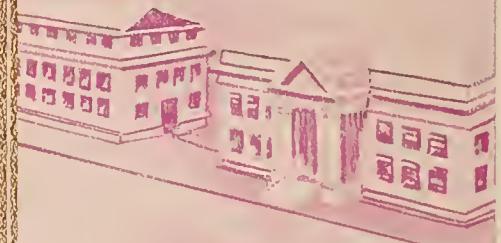
*"Though Modest, on his unembarrassed brow,
Nature had written—gentleman."*

Behold this sturdy lad from Hodges, S. C. Lover of fun, but one who can apply himself to his books when necessary—on rare occasions. He knows more chemical formulae than the proverbial carter had oats, though how he manages to get them, so that he can reel them off as he does, is more than we understand, as we

have never yet caught Curtis cracking a Chemistry text-book.

You have doubtless heard of accommodating, obliging men, the kind who are always ready to do you a favor. Well J. C. is one of that kind. He is sincere in his dealings with his fellow man, and carries with him a genial smile and a pleasant word for every one he meets. Verily he holds a large place in the affections of his classmates and of all P. C. students.

"Cullud boy," we are all better for having known you, and when you go out from P. C.'s stately walls, may you always find as many loyal friends as you have made and held at your Alma Mater.



Senior Class History



HOULD an attempt be made to put into historical form the facts about the class of '23. the reader, if there be such would be bored with the length thereof; for these boys made that thing. And why not? They made use of a liniment that made that so-active institution at P. C., now Student Government.

It might be well said of this class that "they played well the part of every class." When freshmen they enjoyed being brought up under the severe tutelage of the sophomore; being rounded into that personification of which the college is so kind to term sophomore, the people a jackass, and the other students, a damphool.

Probably the happiest period of the class of '23 was its sophomore year. No class enjoyed more the privileges of the sophomore, and no sophomore class here-to-fore has ever had Big Dick make this astounding revelation about them: "I would rather have that one man that you have run away from college than your whole class!"

Now then, dear reader, you know better the class of which I write, so let us proceed.

The class of '23 consists of twenty four members working with a common end in view—to better fit themselves for the hardships of life, and at the same time working for P. C. Though at times it may not have seemed that this was their goal, that they were flippant of mind, and careless of thought, we find, at the time of this writing, twenty four men thinking seriously—over whom they can get to come for the Junior-Senior Banquet!

The outstanding feature of the freshman year of the class of '23 was probably the winning of the class football championship. An honor which no previous freshman class had ever enjoyed. But this soon wore off, as did their trousers, and they began to look forward to the time when they would receive their degrees, M. A., and B. A., (for further information, ask any sophomore) which would admit them into the lordly order of sophomores. The outstanding feature of their sophomore year, was being a sophomore! For they certainly were it. Again we see this class working for the good of P. C. It has always been the opinion of this class that the best course a student gets while in college is that administered to the freshman by the sophomore. And this opinion the class of '23 backed; although it might be more fitting to say that the freshman class "backed" it.

The Junior year was marked by the Junior-Senior Banquet. Although an old event, it is quite new to the junior and is always a bright star in that year. True to their reputation of doing things, this class staged a banquet for the seniors, the like of which has not been seen at P. C. before.

At last they reach their senior year; at last they begin to realize what P. C. has meant to them; at last they regret some of the things they have done and not done. Then they begin to work harder than ever before to be able to be worthy of that celebrated and time-honored statement made about every senior class: "The college will be much better off when that class gets out!"

Nor has this class been backward from an athletic standpoint. It gave to the gridiron five stars in Sholar, Wade, Williamson, Captain Clowney, and Kirven. It was represented on the Basketball team by Williamson, Scott, Kirven, and Edmunds. And we find three stellar Baseball players in Rodgers, Williamson, and Macdonald.

What? You say this is no history? Why my dear reader you flatter me. You are the first person I have ever heard of who read a class history. But if you are still interested in the members of the class of '23, I will refer you to a more reliable source,—a future edition of Who's Who"—in Sing Sing.

—HISTORIAN '23.

Senior Class Prophecy

HEARING that there was a magician and spiritualist in an adjoining neighborhood, one who was baffling the people with his predictions and his uncanny knowledge, I decided to investigate for myself. When I reached his abode, he met me, as though he were expecting my visit, and took me into a small dark room; I had a queer feeling from the time I entered it. Without even asking me what I wished to know, he seated me in a large chair and waved a wand through the air three times, saying something that I did not understand. Almost immediately the room had grown to ten times its original size. By pictures that I had seen I recognized the Senate Chamber of the United States. One of the Senators arose and began to address the members. By his speech and his looks, I recognized my old classmate, W. T. Wade. After he had spoken for about five minutes another member interrupted and moved that the meeting adjourn. The motion was carried!!

The scene changed to one of the large theatres in New York. A large orchestra was playing; the familiar figure directing it was none other than S. H. Edmunds. (He was directing the water boy.)

Then I thought that I was on the banks of the Congo river. A group of fascinated natives looked on with wide-opened eyes, while one W. S. Porter explained to them the mechanism of a wheelbarrow.

Again I was back in one of our American cities. A throng of women crowded before a closed office. It was still early in the morning, but they were now almost fighting for their places. On the door of the office, written in gold letters was the following: Dr. J. B. Clowney—beauty specialist.

I entered the lobby of one of the largest hotels of the city, when, on walking up to the desk, I discovered the clerk was none other than W. P. Bowie! He greeted me with the old friendly smile.

It seemed to me then that I was transported to fairyland. Around me everywhere were the most beautiful flowers that I had ever seen. Overhead was a glass roof! I expected to see some fairy appear, but instead, W. R. Anderson, the owner, came up and asked me if I wanted to buy some flowers.

The scene changed, and this time I was in a busy department store in Sumter, S. C. The name was familiar so I went inside and asked to see the proprietor, and found John Shaw busily occupied. He told me to go to the bank across the street and there I would find another classmate, R. L. Edmunds, President of the First National Bank.

As I went down the street, I entered the drug store and called for a "cola." J. E. Raffield filled my order. (He was a soda-jerker.)

I was then down in Mexico on a Sunday afternoon. I naturally expected to see a bull fight, but instead, the crowd had gathered to hear D. L. Williamson preach the glad tidings. He was doing a great work there.

Being next at the State University, I visited each of the departments and found at the head of the Chemistry department, J. C. Young.

It seemed then that I was in a vast amphitheatre by the ringside. The crowds shouted and applauded as W. S. Scott, feather-weight champion of the world, successfully defending his title.

The scene changed to one of solitude except for one figure running hither and thither across the fields with a bucket in one hand and a net in the other. His queer actions aroused my attention and curiosity so I went closer to discover the renowned biologist, C. J. Milling, author of the "Vindication of the Serpent."

Together we went back to the house where dwelt the owner of the large farm. He was working on a tractor and did not look up until we were very near. When he did, I immediately recognized H. E. Montgomery.

One of the greatest Evangelists of the day was carrying on a series of services in the city of Atlanta. Billy Sunday was not even excepted. The Prince was all that could be heard, and M. B. Prince was causing all of the people to hit the sawdust trail.

In a small town, I heard screams of pain and terror, coming out of a second story window. On running up the steps and entering the room, the noise ceased and the dentist was heard to say reassuringly, "That's all right, I got it that time. "J. L." Nickles had spoken.

From a seat in the bleachers of the Polo grounds, I was watching a game of Baseball. The star of the game was M. A. McDonald, center fielder for the New York Nationals.

Next it seemed that I was in a large office. The man had his back turned to me as I entered, but the voice that I heard, as he was dictating the letter, was familiar. It was M. C. Dendy. He invited me to come home with him to dinner, for I had known his wife at school. He was head of the Student Volunteer movement in America.

A large consolidated high school appeared before me. Calling one of the larger pupils I began talking with him about the school work. He told me that this large building was due to the efforts of T. G. Dulin, the capable superintendent. He also told me that there was a splendid physician in the community who was also connected with the school, making all physical examinations. He had wonderfully improved the health of the school children. When I inquired the name, I found it to be W. P. Gourdin.

Next I viewed a street corner of Greenville, S. C., while waiting for a street car. Finally it came along; the man who was so skillfully handling the levers was C. C. Hindman. (I found out later that he became head of the corporation.)

The organ was playing in a large city church, while a vast choir was singing. Seated in the pulpit was H. L. Laws, the pastor.

The next scene was the streets of a small city. Newsboys were going about calling "Extra, extra!!" I bought one, to discover that W. D. Hall had been reelected mayor.

As the scene changed this time I was in a large hospital. In the guest room was a father and children. Their faces displayed thankful joy. D. F. Kirvin, the surgeon, had saved the life of a mother, by a skillful operation.

Again the scene changed. I was in a small dark room with the magician smiling at me. He seemed very confident in his art. Possibly I had seen into the future, and possibly, his magic was only a fake. Time will tell.

—CLASS PROPHET, '23.

Alma Mater

*In the Piedmont hills of old S. C.
There's a College called P. C.
And she's dear to me, this old P. C.,
P. C., P. C., how dear thou art to me!*

(CHORUS)

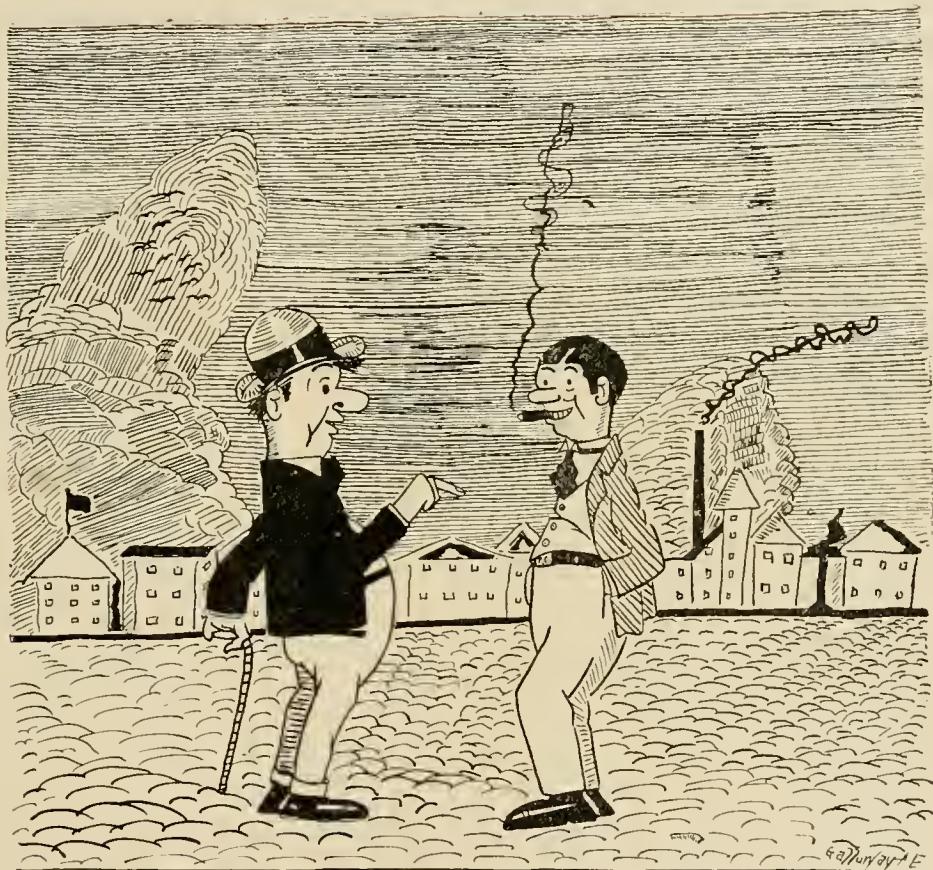
*P. C., P. C., I'll e'er be true to thee!
P. C., P. C., we'll ever sing thy praise;
We'll sing thy praise thru' all our days;
All hail to thee!*

*All honor to thy learned walls,
Thy campus and Historic halls!
We'll sing thy praise thru' all thy days,
Our well beloved Alma Mater.*

—Cartledge.

PAC-SAC

PAC-SAC



JUNIORS

Forty-Seven

Presbyterian College of South Carolina

Junior Class Officers

H. J. Hindman	<i>President</i>
W. J. Cherry	<i>Vice-President</i>
J. F. Mason	<i>Secretary</i>
R. A. Buckner	<i>Treasurer</i>
J. Pearce	<i>Historian</i>
W. W. Lewis	<i>Poet</i>

Junior Class Poem

*I sing of a gallant band
Who left the weevil-ridden land,
All clad in Perkin's very best,
(The clothes that always stand the test),
To enter P. C.'s classic door;
Thenceforth—the class of 'twenty-four.*

*All eager to quaff the cup of knowledge,
That is why we came to college,
All eager we were; and blissful too;
Providing the age-worn saying is true,
For of ignorance, this band had full store,
This infant class of 'twenty-four.*

*Right swiftly the fleeting years did pass
Which all of us did not! Alas!
We dipped in science; played with such,
Preparing to care for father's herds;
Bits of learning we gathered galore,
This wise old class of 'twenty-four.*

*We've stuck it out through thick and thin,
And caught the spirit which makes men win;
We've been constant, loyal, earnest too,
We've done the things we mostly had to do;
And now remains but one year more,
Watch us, fellows.—watch 'twenty-four.*

—POET. '24.

With profound apologies to all poets in particular and to the public at large.

VAN KIRK BLAND
MOUTH OF SENECA, W. VA.
Pi Kappa Alpha
Phil

Assistant Manager Track '22, '23; Varsity Football Squad '20, '21; Class Football '20, '21; Pi Kappa Alpha Baseball Team '22; Corresponding Secretary, Second Monitor, Chaplain, Marshal, Society; Assistant in Biology; Corporal, Sergeant, R. O. T. C.; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet.

RATCHIFORD WILSON BOLAND
CLINTON, S. C.
Euk
Class Football '22; Scrub Baseball '22; Corporal R. O. T. C.

GEORGE PRESTON BOOZER
NEWBERRY, S. C.
Phil

ROBERT ALLISTER BUCKNER
CLOI, S. C.
Pi Kappa Phi
Phil
Conductor, Second Censor, First Censor, Corresponding Secretary, Society; Debating Council; Treasurer Junior Class; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet; Class Football; Sorrel Top Club; Corporal R. O. T. C.

JEFF WATSON CHAPMAN
COLUMBIA, S. C.
Euk





WILLIAM JOHN CHERRY

Rock Hill, S. C.
Pi Kappa Alpha
Euk

Varsity Track '21; Class Football; Second Monitor, First Monitor, Critic Society; Secretary and Treasurer Debators' Club; Corresponding Secretary Pi Kappa Delta; President Rock Hill Club; Secretary and Treasurer Sophomore Class; Vice-President Junior Class; Collegian Staff; Student Council; Winner Declaimer's Medal '22; Corporal R. O. T. C.

CHARLES CURETON

PICKENS, S. C.
Euk

Varsity Track '21, '22; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet (2); Dark Corner Club; Corporal R. O. T. C.

HENRY MALLOY EVANS

CHERAW, S. C.
Phil

Tennis Team '21, '22.

HEYWARD JOSEPH HINDMAN

CHESTER, S. C.
Pi Kappa Phi
Euk

Varsity Football '21, '22; Coach Class Football '21; Varsity Baseball Squad '22; First Monitor, Critic Society; President Junior Class; Blue Streakin Staff '21, '22; Business Manager Collegian; Pac-SaC Staff '23; Student Council; Student Assistant in Chemistry; Corporal R. O. T. C.; Wearer of the "P."

PEARCE P. HENDERSON

ASHEVILLE, N. C.
Euk

HERMAN GRICE HUNT
OWINGS, S. C.
Phil

Corporal R. O. T. C.; Sorrel Top Club '20,
'21; Laurens County Club; Hobo Club.

CRAIG HUNTER
ORA, S. C.
Phil

FRANK WILLIAM LAMOTTE
CLINTON, S. C.
Pi Kappa Alpha
Euk

WILLIAM WHITE LEWIS
CHESTER, S. C.
Pi Kappa Phi
Euk

Varsity Baseball '21, '22; Captain '23; Captain Class Football; Wearer of the "P"; Treasurer Society; Freshman Intercollegiate Debator; Dramatic Club; Poet Freshman Class; President Sophomore Class; Poet Junior Class; Secretary and Treasurer Student Body; Secretary Student Council; Blue Stocking Staff '22; Collegian Staff '22; Vice-President Chester County Club; Pan-Hellenic Council '22-'23.

ROBERT MATHEW LYNN

CLINTON, S. C.
Pi Kappa Alpha
Euk

Class Football '20, '21; Sergeant-at-Arms,
Second Monitor Society.





JOE FINNEY MASON

CLINTON, S. C.

Asir

Euk

Varsity Football '21, '22; Varsity Baseball Squad '21; Coach Sophomore Class Football Team; Varsity Basketball '21, '22; Captain '23; Corresponding Secretary, First Monitor, Society; Secretary Junior Class; Blue Stocking Staff '22; President Laurens County Club; R. D. T. C.; Wearer of the "P."

FRANCIS BOREL MAYES

WINNSBORO, S. C.

Owl

Phil

First Assistant Manager Football '22; Doorkeeper, First Censor, Society; Blue Stocking Staff; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet; Student Council; Corporal R. O. T. C.

EDGAR DONALD McMAHAN

PIEDMONT, S. C.

Euk

Cross Country Track '22; Conductor Society; Secretary Debating Club '21; Secretary Dramatic Club '21; U. S. Army; Blue Stocking Staff '21, '22; Pac-SaC Staff '21, '22; Corporal R. O. T. C.; Winner Eukosmian Improvement Medal '21.

WILBUR DUNN McMURRAY

LANCASTER, S. C.

Asir

Euk

JOSEPH GRAHAM MILLER

CLINTON, S. C.

Pi Kappa Alpha

Euk

Varsity Baseball (1); Varsity Basketball (2); Varsity Football (2); Second Monitor, Vice-President Society.

ROBERT WHITE MONTGOMERY
BISHOPVILLE, S. C.
Phil
Class Football; Class Basketball; Scrub Baseball;
Conductor Society; Glee Club; Debators' Club;
Cotillion Club; Corporal R. O. T. C.

HYDER K. NEELY
ANDERSON, S. C.
Phil
Varsity Football Squad '14, '22; Member
Orchestra '14, '16, '23; Manager Orchestra '16.

MELVIN BONDS NICKLES
DONALDS, S. C.
Pi Kappa Alpha
Phil
Assistant Manager Baseball; Winner Society
Improvement Medal '21; Corporal R. O. T. C.

LEON NORTON
LITTLE ROCK, S. C.
Omega
Phil
Varsity Football (2); Class Football; Wearer
of the "P"; Doorkeeper Society; Corporal R.
O. T. C.

GEORGE REID O'DANIEL
CLINTON, S. C.
Euk
Commencement Declaimer; Corporal R. O.
T. C.; Laurens County Club.





JAMES H. PEARCE

FLORENCE, S. C.
Owl
Euk

Varsity Football (2); Sergeant-at-Arms, First Monitor, Secretary, Society; Junior Class Historian.

JOSEPH LEE PLEXICO

SHARON, S. C.
Phil

Cross Country Track Team '22; Class Football; Conductor Society; Corporal R. O. T. C.; Member S. C. W.

WILLIAM ROSS RICKER

ROCK HILL, S. C.
Phil

Class Football (2), Varsity Squad; Varsity Basketball '23; Rock Hill Club; Corporal R. O. T. C.

VIVIAN ALEXANDER SYDENSTRICKER

DECATUR, GA.
Euk

U. S. Army (2); Member S. C. W.

THOMAS DOUGLAS WALLACE

GREAT FALLS, S. C.

Pi Kappa Phi

Euk

Assistant Manager Basketball '23; Managers' Club; P. C. League Baseball; Secretary Society; Student Council '22; Blue Stocking Staff '22; Collegian Staff '22; Chester County Club; Corporal R. O. T. C.; Penny-Ante Club.

EDWARD BURDEN WARREN

CHARLESTON, S. C.

Euk

Conductor, Secretary Society; Assistant Manager Dramatic Club; Secretary S. C. W.; Secretary S. T. M.; Varsity Debating Team '20, '21, '22; Editor-in-Chief Collegian '21.

ARTHUR THOMPSON WILSON

CLINTON, S. C.

Euk

Varsity Basketball (4); Varsity Football (4); All-State Guard Basketball; All-State Half-Back Football '22; Second Monitor Society; Corresponding Secretary; Vice-President Laurens County Club.

EUGENE THOMSON WILSON

DUE WEST, S. C.

Owl

Euk

Varsity Football (2); Baseball Squad; President Freshman Class; First Monitor, Secretary Society; Manager Glee Club, Member Glee Club; Student Council; Blue Stocking Staff (2); Collegian Staff; Corporal R. O. T. C.; Wearer of the "P."



Junior Class History



OW that we have just one more lap, and we shall have completed our hard and strenuous search for knowledge, let us glance back to a day well remembered by us all, and review happy experiences of these three years.

On the most memorable day of September 6, 1920, a very ignorant, shy, group of inexperienced "rats," varying in the degree of their Greeness, arrived at the Presbyterian College of South Carolina, to begin their rough and hard road to knowledge. With lots of pep, and with high spirits, we began our duties as Freshmen. We soon became accustomed to the appellation of "rats," and to learn the rules and regulations by which we must abide. Under the ingenuous torture of the Sophomores, we were never given a chance to think of home, so you may reach the conclusion that we were never homesick! Thus, we began our career as college students.

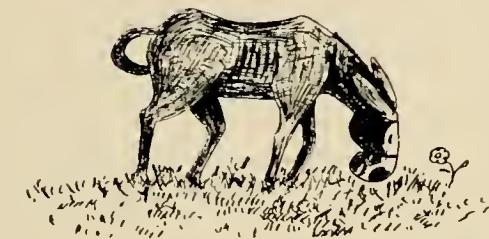
After the summer vacation we returned with a determined purpose, namely of being an exceptional class!! We were never to beat the Freshmen, never to make them go to town the Long way that we had learned, never to go to class without having prepared our lessons, and to always feel honored when anyone should call us by the esteemed name of SOPHOMORES!!! I am sure that you do not think I have said this for sarcasm! Needless to say, we lived up to and down too, all these determinations. There is no doubt that we have at least kept the "spirit" of the law. Some of us soon achieved fame in the classrooms, better known as "sharks," and now called "dingleites." Still others decided to specialize in "Other Sports." Then, on the Football field we were well represented. We had six letter men on the '21 squad, namely: Miller, Mason, "Shorty Pearce," Hindman, Norton, and Gene Wilson. Each man did credit to himself and his class. By the time that the final session had closed, we found that we had developed into very wise Sophomores.

A few of our number liked (?) college life so well that they decided to come back and entertain a course at Summer School! (If you do not believe they entertained, just make inquiry). The rest of us found other ways of entertaining ourselves.

Another Fall has come. Our ranks have depleted somewhat, but the determination is still here with us. We can now see with a clearer vision and a better prospective. So with a vast (!) amount of knowledge to our credit we tackled our class room work with more zealousness and earnestness than ever before. During the year of '22-'23 we revealed to the world that we could extend our activities outside of the room for ere the fall had yielded to Winter, we find that six of '24's men had won fame on the Foot-ball Wonder Team that swept the state like a cyclone. These men were none other than Miller, Mason, Shorty Pearce, Norton, Hindman, and Jack Wilson. The list of P. C.'s Basketeers contain such stars as Mason, Capt.; Miller; and Ricker—all being members of the Class of '24. The brilliant flashes of the Diamond are Bill Lewis, pitching ace and captain; Henderson, custodian of the hot corner; Matheson, who cavorted about in left-field; and Mason and Hindman on the reserve list.

And so it is that we have made history that has been recorded in the annals and we hold it up as a model for other aspiring Juniors. But we leave this history incomplete. One more year lies before us, and watch our smoke.

AS THE GIRLS
SEE HIM

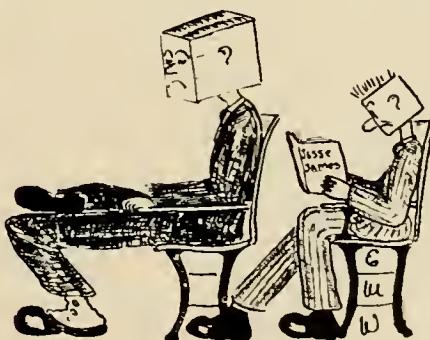


SOPES

AS HE SEES
HIMSELF



AS THE PROFESSORS SEE HIM



Sophomore Class Officers

H. J. McLaurin President
 P. H. Bomar Vice-President
 H. B. Warner Secretary and Treasurer
 R. H. Whilden Historian
 J. J. Cornwall Poet

The Sophs

(“WITH APOLOGIES TO FRIEND “RUDDY” KIPLING”)

*As Rats we were hazed and were paddled
 We've run and we've dodged in our time
 We've had our share of the troubles
 And many were the hardest kind.
 One was passing our studies
 Another getting money from home.
 Still another was getting acquainted
 With Sophs who wielded a broom.*

*Now we arn't no hand with professors
 For taken 'em all along
 You can never say 'till you've tried 'em
 And then you are likely to be wrong
 There's times when you think that you have failed 'em,
 There's times when you think that you might
 But the things that you will learn from Woody and Mart
 They'll help you a lot in life.*

*Then we were shifted to Chemistry,
 (Or we might have been passing now)
 And we dickered with electron theories
 To explain it we know not how.
 Thence to Bible and the rest of it,
 Kind of a terror—they had been
 But we passed 'em up well, 'cause we hound hard as—might
 And we learned about troubles for them.*

*So—we've taken our fun as we found it
 An' often we paid for our fun;
 For the less we knew about all of 'em,
 The longer we stayed with the one.
 Loyal and faithful and earnest,
 Love ole P. C.—we do.
 So all of us thrive—the men of '25,
 UNDER THE COLORS OF GARNET AND BLUE.*

—POET, '25.

ROBERT FLOYD BANKS
Chester, S. C.

WILLIAM HANNA BAILEY
Latta, S. C.

EUGENE GRIFFIN BECKMAN
McClellanville, S. C.

SAMUEL LAWRENCE BELK
Montreat, N. C.

PORTRAL HALBERT BOMAR
Prescott, Ark.

LAWRENCE EDWIN BROWN
Black Mountain, N. C.

WILLIAM M. BROWN
Kingstree, S. C.

FRANK KENNEDY CLARKE
Sumter, S. C.

JAMES JETER CORNWELL
Chester, S. C.

FREDERICK LUTHER CURRIE
Clio, S. C.





WILLIAM HARPER DENDY
Hartwell, Ga.

DESAUSSURE DAVIS EDMUNDS
Sumter, S. C.

OTIS WALKER FROST
Columbia, S. C.

HAROLD LAFAYETTE FULLER
Mountville, S. C.

ALBERT EU GENE GALLOWAY
Abbeville, S. C.

PAUL DOUGLAS HANNAH
Hodges, S. C.

HENRY MUHLER HAY
McClellanville, S. C.

LEWIS HOLDING HAY
McClellanville, S. C.

JAMES GRAHAM HAYES,
Clinton, S. C.

SAMUEL BANKS HAYS
Clinton, S. C.

ROBERT GILBERT HENRY
Rock Hill, S. C.

HUGH DAVID HENDERSON
Cokesbury, S. C.

WILLIAM LYLE HICKLIN
Rock Hill, S. C.

LOUIS LITTLEPAGE HOLLADAY
Marion, S. C.

WILLIAM DOUGLAS HUDSON
Savannah, Ga.

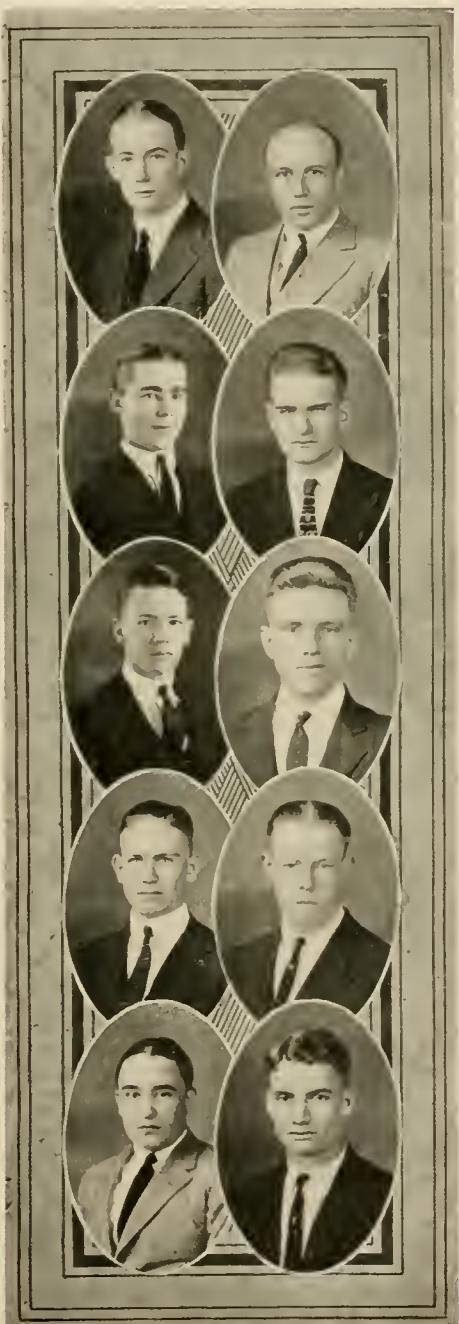
JOHN KNOX JOHNSTON
Chester, S. C.

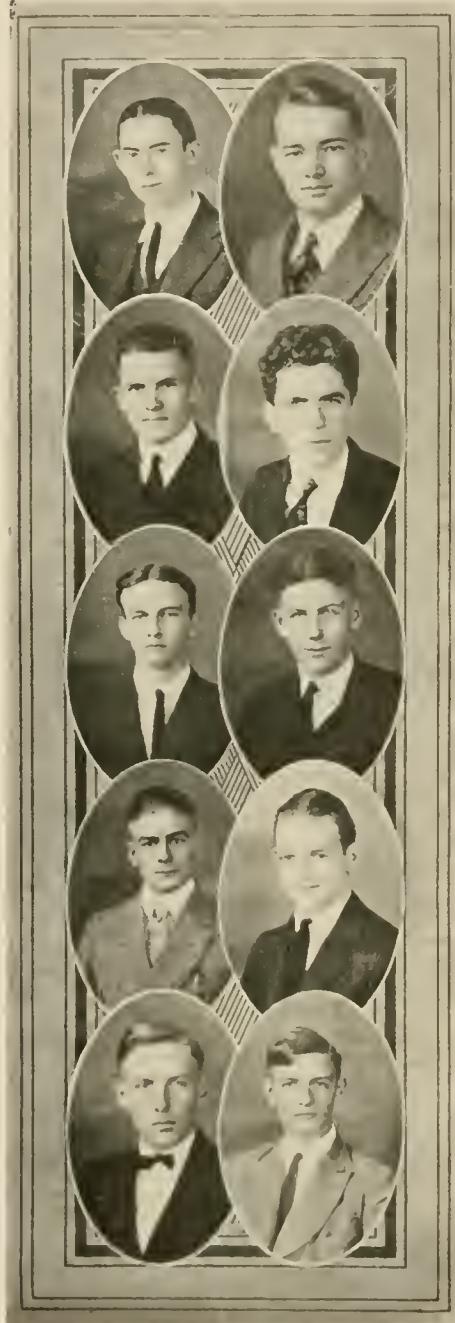
WILLIAM LEWIS McILWAIN
Hodges, S. C.

HENRY JAMES McLAURIN
Sumter, S. C.

SOL McLENDON
Bennettsville, S. C.

ROY BRITTON MOORE
Ridge Crest, N. C.





ROBERT LELAND MORRISON
McClellanville, S. C.

ROBERT CLARK PATTERSON
Boston, Ga.

LOUIE LANDRUM PERRY
Easley, S. C.

A. OGDEN RAMSEY
Spartanburg, S. C.

GEORGE FORTSON RUCKER
Clinton, S. C.

KENNETH CALVIN SEAWRIGHT
Hodges, S. C.

EDGAR EUGENE SHELDON
Liberty, S. C.

ALFRED SIMPSOM SIMPSON
Toccoa, Ga.

HAROLD BENJAMIN SMITH
Kingstree, S. C.

JOE MORGAN STOKES
Bainbridge, Ga.

ERNEST MOORE WALKER
Columbia, S. C.

HARRY BANKS WARNER
Clinton, S. C.

ROBERT HARRAL WHILDEN
Sumter, S. C.

VIVIAN PERCIVAL WELDON
Sumter, S. C.

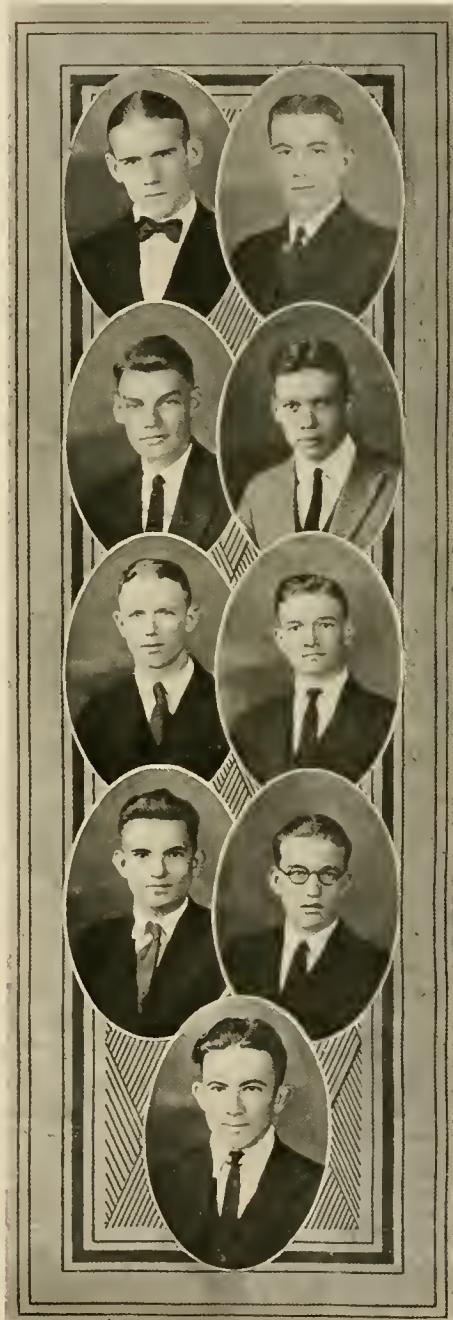
SAMUEL WALTER WHITESIDE
Charlotte, N. C.

EDWIN LAI RENCE WILDS
Columbia, S. C.

CHARLES F. WILSON
Newberry, S. C.

CHARLES LAURENCE WOODSIDE
Pelzer, S. C.

HUGH D. WORKMAN
Clinton, S. C.



Sophomore Class History

COLLEGE LIFE

PLACE	Act. I. CAST	TIME
P. C.----S. C.	CLASS OF '25 <i>Summary</i>	Sept. 6, 1921. MAY 31. 1922

"Once within the dear old days within recall," sixty-one quivering, quaking Freshmen came to enroll themselves in "Dr. Douglas' Christian College." These young men, just three months previously, had been dignified Seniors in the High School, and in some of us that "lordly" air still remained.

After we had matriculated we tried to find peace, but the Sophomores seemed to be in every nook and corner. At night we went to bed in order that we might rest, but some of us were guilty of sleeping on the sides of our beds and we were told that they just "automatically turned over." Soon, however, we became accustomed to the "Sophomoric" tortures. And then another source of trouble and constant worry was encountered, when the Faculty posted their first month's marks. Our "lordly" air was fast disappearing and we were becoming faithful, obedient Rats," though slowly realizing our insignificance and ignorance.

Christmas holidays came and with them more "presents" than we had ever received previously to this. Some of them caused us to give thanks, but many others caused us to lose much religion.

The time passed on and soon came the season to leave. We graduated from the Freshman class, and received instead of one sheepskin, diplomas, printed first on white, then on red, blue and it all was on "Ratskin" instead of sheepskin.

We had only two opportunities to enter contests under the name of the Freshman Class of P. C., and in both the contests we came out victorious. In class football, we won the coveted championship; and in the triangular debate, with the Freshmen of Wofford and Newberry, our teams were the victors.

Curtain

PLACE	Act. II. CAST	TIME
P. C.----S. C.	CLASS OF '25	SEPT. 5, 1922

Three months have passed and the class of '25 has assembled on this old campus. Only fifty of our number have returned, but we now have the avowed aim of giving the rats a "warm" reception, and entertaining them in such a way that the "lordly" Seniors of the high school may lose their "lordly" air and not feel the pangs of homesickness. It is our duty to carry out the full significance of our title. We are trying to regain our "lordly" air so that when we become seniors of college we may be dignified. At present we take pleasure in sitting up late at night in order that we may go around and pick up those men who sleep on the side of their beds, or to insist that Freshmen, who have shoe polish on their faces, arise and employ the use of soap and water. Our class is full of the P. C. spirit, and when anything is done in the name of P. C. you may count on the class of '25 as having done their full share.

Our class has contributed a great deal to the athletic phases of student activities. Brown, Moore, Bomar and Walker have become letter men in football, and McLaurin and Banks made the varsity trips. In basketball we are represented by Galloway and Walker. Whilden is on the Tennis team. In the varsity baseball of 1922 we have eight men on the squad, and all of them in the line-up; Galloway, Moore, Brown, Hannah, Holladay, Henderson, Warner, and Dampier. We are also represented in literary activities; three out of the four debators in the varsity triangular debate between Wofford, Newberry and P. C. were from the proud Sophs.; these men were Perry, Clarke and Whilden.

Finally the last, and by no means the least of our accomplishments, is the fact that we (almost all of us) have fathomed the "P. Q." formula successfully and passed Fresh Math.

Curtain



Freshman Class

Officers

S. N. Hughes *President*
 J. V. Martin *Vice-President*
 H. K. Holland *Secretary and Treasurer*
 W. C. Wolfe *Historian*
 J. W. Chidsey *Poet*

Class Roll

Adams, R.	Fountain, C. F.	Perkins, W. M.
Bailey, P. S.	Foxworth, G. M.	Pitts, H.
Beaty, J. S.	Garvin, J. G.	Player, W. O.
Belcher, W. W.	Harris, A. S.	Powell, E. L.
Berry, M. C.	Hartwig, V. G.	Price, J. N.
Black, J. A.	Hiers, J. M.	Putnam, G.
Blakely, B. B.	Hodges, B. S.	Ratchford, B. E.
Blalock, G. R.	Holland, H. K.	Robinson, T. M.
Branson, T. C.	Hughs, S. N.	Rucker, W. L.
Brown, C. C.	Hunter, N.	Simpson, A. M.
Caldwell, L. D.	Josey, W. R.	Sims, W. M.
Campbell, R. G.	Keller, H. S.	Sistar, W. C.
Carson, P. H.	Kirkly, D. C.	Sumerel, G. K.
Chidsey, J. W.	Knowles, B. F.	Ussery, H. D.
Clinton, H.	Lawton, L. O.	Verner, J. B.
Clotfelter, M. E.	Ligon, C. C.	Walker, R. M.
Copeland, J. W.	Lindsay, J. B.	Wallace, T. F.
Cousar, J. B.	Madden, C.	Warren, O. J.
Cunningham, G. L.	Martin, J. V.	Warren, T. B.
Davis, J. I.	Macfarlan, W. J.	Whisonant, P.
Drummond, E. A.	McCaskill, E.	White, J. B.
Dunlap, H. M.	McPherson, T. H.	White, J. W.
Edwards, A. W.	Montgomery, Y. A.	Wilkes, W. C.
Ferguson, J. E.	Moore, J.	Withers, W. B.
Fewell, B.	Mundy, O.	Wolfe, W. C.
	Owens, J. H.	



Freshman Class

A Freshman Alphabet

F stands for Freshman, so winsome and shy;
R stands for that word "Rat" they oft call us by.
E for Endurance of exams we stand;
S for the Social the "Y" first week planned,
H for the happenings our first week displayed;
M is for Might, in the games we displayed.
A for Ambition to always be just;
N stands for Noble to P. C. or "bust."

C stands for Courage to do what is right;
L for the great love, for this college we'd fight.
A stands for Action in all that we do;
S stands for Studies we try to be true to.
S stands for Service, to God and to P. C.
 Let's strive classmen on to a goal high and free.

—POET, '26.

Freshman Class History



ON THAT well remembered day September 4th, 1922, as the trains from all parts of the country pulled into this beautiful little City of Clinton, numerous, eager, energetic, and promising looking young men alighted; and were on the eve of making their debut in College.

Doubtless we have received many warm receptions at various places, but never in our lives have we ever received such a "warm" reception as we rats received at these famous halls of learning at P. C. Especially, the "sophs" welcomed us as long lost kid brothers. They gave us a most "touching" reception. One "soph" was at the Depot with a note book and pencil getting the names of all new comers to make sure that no one would be slighted at the informal "bull sessions" that were to be held later in Spencer Hall, in our honor.

They seemed to have had a complete program already planned for the week, and yet we were supposed to spend our nights studying and preparing to carry, as "Big Dick" says, "Our College Course." But how could we afford to miss the wonderful tricks, parades, "warming up" contests, etc., held each night in our honor? Especially when we knew the awful penalty for being absent! After all, we are glad we had a chance to take part in all the above amusements. Boys, we sure had "fun"! The stunts and things that were pulled off are too numerous to be mentioned in these few lines. However, there are two nights which stand out above all others in every respect. One was "Black Up Night." And the other the night "Cherry Got Loose." To the students who read this it is only necessary to mention "Black Up" and "Crazy Man Night," as they are self explanatory, but to all others, we will have to let them guess just what happened.

We have had a very successful year. We have accomplished many things of which we are proud. On account of the new ruling of the Southern Intercollegiate Athletic Association, the Freshman Class was allowed to put out its own football team. With the cooperation of every member of the squad, and under the excellent supervision of Coach McMillan, and Captain Robinson, we put out a team that made a record which will long be remembered throughout the entire state. These boys have had excellent training and will be in fine trim for the Varsity Team next season. We also have excellent material for the "Fresh" Basketball Team, and we are expecting the boys to stand up to the record made by their brothers who handled the "pig skin" so well.

We have had our ups and downs, for better and for worse. We have run the course of normal "rats" and have learned to horse the "sophs" like men. Now, as the time approaches when we must leave our Alma Mater for a while we are sincerely sorry. However, there is one consolation that we may on a bright day, not too far hence, return to these dear old halls, rated as men, in a "College Where Men are Made."

—HISTORIAN, '26.



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Miss Frances Holleman*

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Miss Mary McClure*



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Miss D. Copeland



The Baseball Team
Presents Its Sponsor
Miss Annie E. Hutton

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*The Track Team
Presents Its Sponsor
Miss Annie Mae Carson*

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Miss Frances Gregg*

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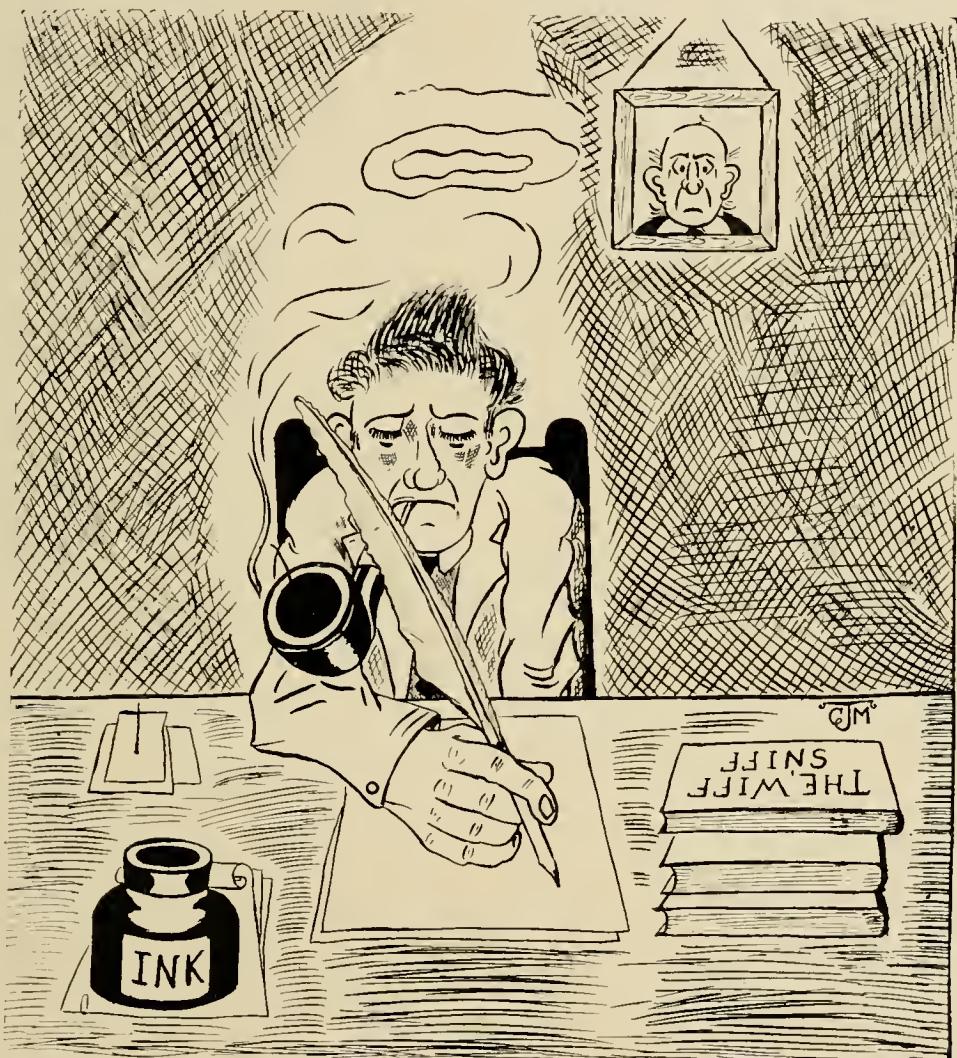
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Miss Rebecca Adams*



George Washington
1732-1799

PAC-SAC

PAC-SAC



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C. J. Milling	<i>Art Editor</i>
H. E. Montgomery	<i>Athletic Editor</i>
M. A. MacDonald	<i>Club Editor</i>
M. B. Prince	<i>Y. M. C. A. Editor</i>
S. H. Edmunds	<i>Local Editor</i>
H. J. Hindman	<i>Junior Class Editor</i>

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H. J. McLaurin	<i>Athletic</i>
J. C. Young	<i>Campus</i>
J. M. Stokes	<i>Associate</i>
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W. J. McFarlan	<i>Assistant Proofreader</i>

PAC-SAC

PAC-SAC





PAC-SAC

PAC-SAC



Blue Stocking Staff

'ALL FOR PC AND PC FOR ALL'

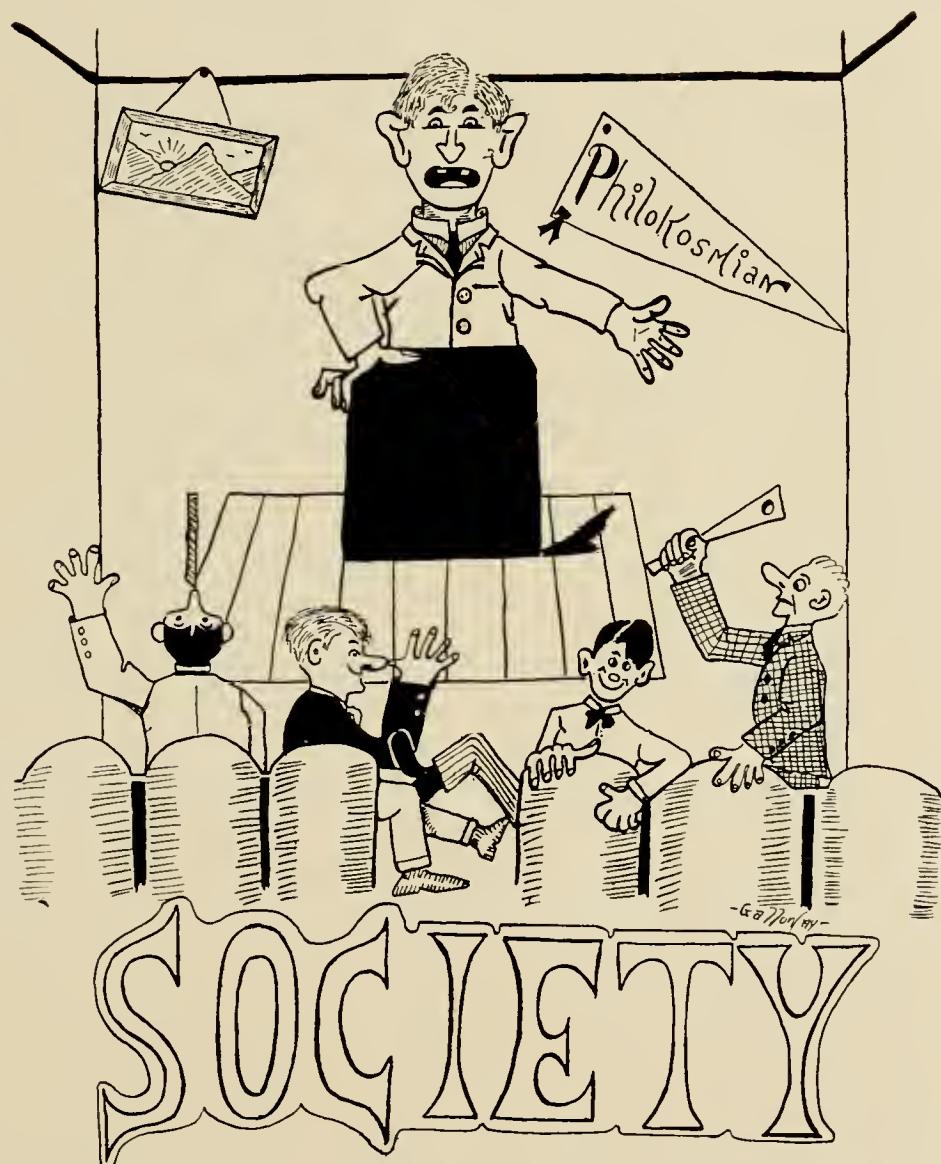
SNOW



SCENES

PAC-SAC

PAC-SAC





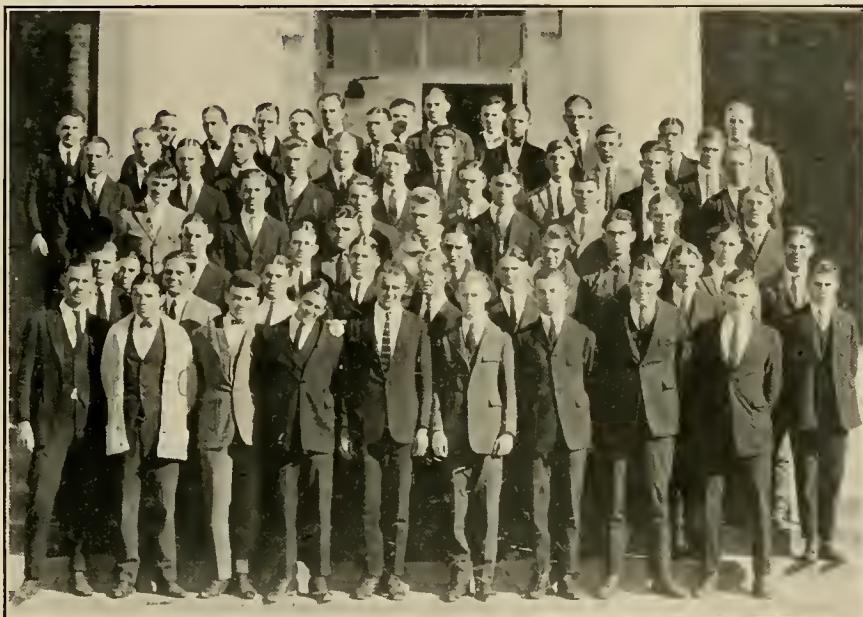
Eukosmian Literary Society

PRESIDENTS:

First Term	D. L. Williamson
Second Term	W. R. Anderson
Third Term	A. E. Barnado

Eukosmian Roll

W. R. Anderson	E. B. Warren	O. Ramsey	H. K. Holland
T. G. Dulin	A. T. Wilson	G. F. Rucker	N. Hunter
M. B. Prince	E. T. Wilson	J. M. Stokes	H. S. Keller
D. L. Williamson	R. F. Banks	E. Walker	D. C. Kirkley
A. E. Barnado	E. G. Beckman	H. B. Warner	C. C. Ligon
R. W. Boland	P. H. Bomar	S. W. Whiteside	C. Maden
J. W. Chapman	J. J. Cornwall	C. Woodside	J. V. Martin
W. J. Cherry	O. W. Frost	P. S. Bailey	J. H. Owens
C. Cureton	A. E. Galloway	M. C. Berry	W. M. Perkins
P. P. Henderson	H. M. Hay	J. A. Black	H. Pitts
H. J. Hindman	L. H. Hay	G. R. Blalock	J. N. Price
F. W. LaMotte	J. G. Hayes	T. C. Branson	T. M. Robinson
W. W. Lewis	S. B. Hayes	R. G. Campbell	W. L. Rucker
R. M. Lynn	R. G. Henry	P. H. Carson	A. M. Simpson
J. F. Mason	W. L. Hicklin	J. W. Copeland	W. M. Sims
E. D. McMahan	W. D. Hudson	G. L. Cunningham	W. C. Sistar
W. D. Murray	J. K. Johnson	E. A. Drummond	G. K. Sumner
J. G. Miller	S. McLendon	J. R. Ferguson	H. D. Ussery
G. R. O'Daniel	R. L. Morrison	C. F. Fountain	R. M. Walker
J. Pearce	R. G. Patterson	J. G. Garvin	T. B. Warren
T. D. Wallace	L. L. Perry	A. S. Harris	O. J. Warren
			J. W. White



EUKOSMIAN SOCIETY

While the Philomathians can boast of having all the Freshmen debators last year, the Eukosmians can also boast the greater number of the Varsity debators this year. In the Triangular debate, Warren, E. B., and Perry upheld the fame of the "Euks." Both of the dual debators are from this society; Perry and Hudson will debate Maryville, soon after the Annual goes to press. The winner of the Inter-society Declaimers' Contest, held at commencement, was the noble son, of the older society W. J. Cherry. The signal honor of the society belongs to L. C. LaMotte, a Eukosmian, who was selected to represent the college at Greenwood, and who won honor for himself and his Alma Mater when he was announced winner of second place.



Philomathean Literary Society

PRESIDENTS:

First Term H. E. Montgomery
 Second Term D. F. Kirven
 Third Term C. J. Milling

Members

W. P. Bowie	C. Hunter	E. E. Sheldon	B. S. Hodges
J. B. Clowney	F. B. Mayes	A. H. Simpson	S. N. Hughs
M. C. Dendy	R. W. Montgomery	H. B. Smith	W. R. Josey
R. L. Edmunds	H. K. Neely	V. P. Weldon	B. F. Knowles
S. H. Edmunds	M. B. Mickles	R. H. Whilden	L. O. Lawton
W. P. Gourdine	L. Norton	E. L. Wilds	J. B. Lindsay
W. D. Hall	J. L. Plexico	C. F. Wilson	W. J. McFarlan
C. C. Hindman	W. R. Ricker	H. B. White	E. McCaskill
D. F. Kirven	V. A. Sydenstricker	R. Adams	T. H. McPherson
H. L. Laws	W. H. Bailey	J. S. Beaty	Y. A. Montgomery
M. A. Macdonald	S. L. Belk	W. W. Belcher	J. Moore
C. J. Milling	W. M. Brown	C. C. Brown	O. Mundy
H. E. Montgomery	F. K. Clarke	L. D. Caldwell	C. A. Pharr
J. L. Nickles	F. L. Currie	J. W. Chidsey	W. O. Player
W. S. Porter	W. H. Dendy	H. Clinton	E. L. Powell
J. E. Raffield	D. D. Edmunds	M. E. Clotfelter	G. Putnam
W. S. Scott	H. L. Fuller	J. B. Cousar	B. E. Ratchford
J. W. Shaw	P. D. Hannah	J. I. Davis	J. B. Verner
W. T. Wade	H. D. Henderson	H. M. Dunlap	T. F. Wallace
J. C. Young	L. L. Holladay	A. W. Edwards	P. Whisonant
V. K. Bland	W. L. McIlwain	B. Fewell	J. B. White
G. P. Boozer	H. J. McLaurin	G. M. Foxworth	W. C. Wilkes
R. A. Buckner	R. B. Moore	V. G. Hartwig	W. B. Withers
M. Evans	K. C. Seawright	J. M. Hiers	W. C. Wolfe

H. G. Hunt



PHILOMATHLEAN SOCIETY

Honors between the two societies are about equally divided. The Philomathians have two men on the varsity debating team, in Clarke and Whilden. Of the four Freshmen debators of last year, four were from the society wearing the colors of the Black and Gold. Clarke, Whilden, McLaurin and Weldon were these famous debators. The winner of the inter-society contest at commencement was also a Philomathian. M. C. Dendy was the member who brought honor to his society on this occasion.



T. G. Dulin *The Unknown Soldier*
Eukosmian

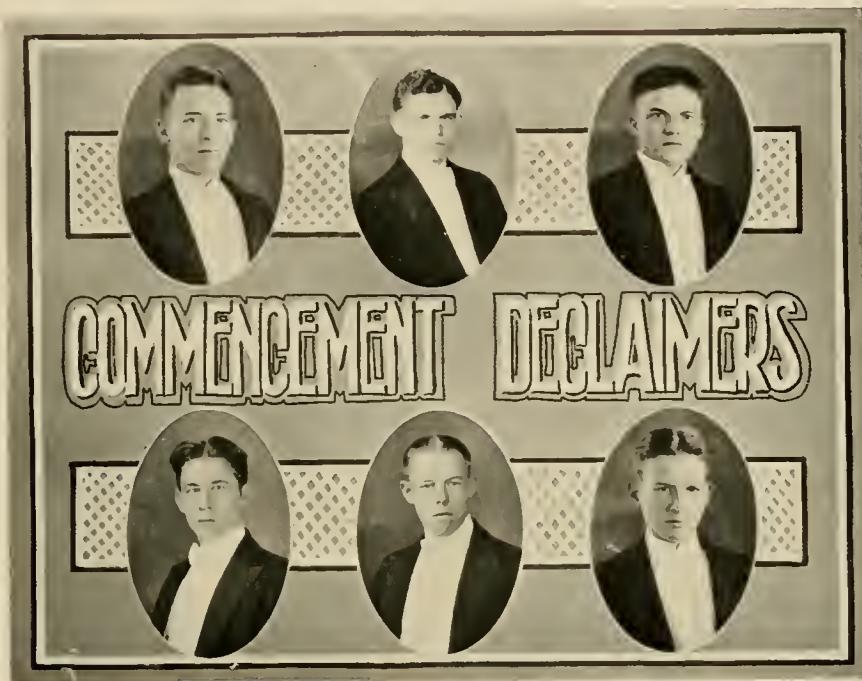
J. M. Dick *Reapers of Destinies*
Philomathian

C. E. Piephoff *Harding*
Eukosmian

L. N. Edmunds *Mene, Mene, Tekel*
Philomathian

M. B. Prince *On "War"*
Eukosmian

M. C. Dendy *A Violation of Our National Honor*
Philomathian



W. D. Hudson *Napoleon Eukosmian*

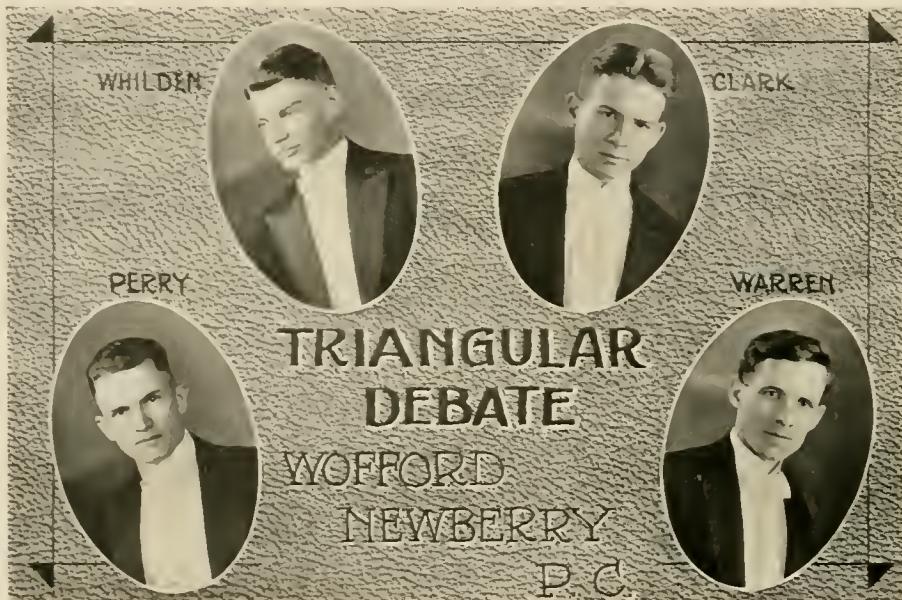
V. K. Bland *Vera Victoria Philomathian*

W. J. Cherry *Lay Down Your Arms Eukosmian*

W. J. McLaurin *America Permanent Philomathian*

O. W. Frost *Woodrow Wilson's Speech at Surain Eukosmian*

F. K. Clarke *The Man They Cannot Forget Philomathian*



SUBJECT: *Resolved.* That all international debts incurred during the war should be cancelled.

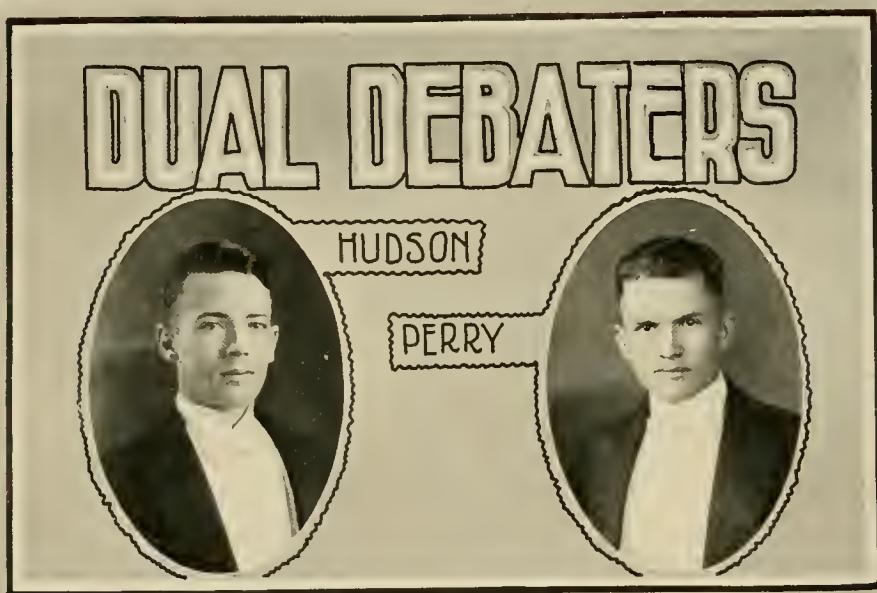
AFFIRMATIVE

L. L. Perry
E. B. Warren

NEGATIVE

F. K. Clarke
R. H. Whilden

Our debators displayed the usual high calibre of argument that has made P. C. famous for her debating teams. The debate resulted in a triple tie, with the negative side winning everywhere. We know that the gentlemen of the negative are good debators, for the results prove this; but equal honor goes to the affirmative, for they labored just as hard and fought just as truly for their Alma Mater as did their teammates.



P. C. vs. MARYVILLE

SUBJECT:— *Resolved.* That the United States should permanently retain the Philippines.

The Affirmative side of the debate is being advanced by the sons of P. C., represented by Hudson and Perry. The team from Maryville College will try to refute the points that will be advanced by the Affirmative. As the Annual goes to press, the results are not obtainable, but we know that we would not be ashamed to publish the results of this struggle.



THE DEBATING CLUB

Officers

W. T. Wade *President*
 W. J. Cherry *Secretary and Treasurer*
 Dr. D. J. Brimm *Faculty Representative*

Roll of Members

R. Adams	V. G. Hartwig	L. L. Perry
A. E. Barnado	H. D. Henderson	H. Pitts
P. H. Bomar	B. S. Hodges	B. E. Ratchford
G. P. Boozer	W. D. Hudson	K. C. Seawright
W. M. Brown	J. K. Johnston	E. E. Sheldon
P. H. Carson	H. S. Keller	A. M. Simpson
W. J. Cherry	W. J. MacFarlan	W. M. Sims
M. E. Clotfelter	E. McCaskill	G. K. Sumerel
C. Cureton	H. J. McLaurin	W. T. Wade
C. F. Fountain	E. D. McMahan	V. P. Weldon
O. W. Frost		R. H. Whilden



ATHLETICS

PAC-SAC

PAC-SAC



Foot-Ball



The Varsity Squad

THE SEASON'S RECORD

P. C.	8	Davidson	7
P. C.	0	Carolina	7
P. C.	0	Clemson	13
P. C.	19	Erskine	0
P. C.	9	Citadel	0
P. C.	32	Wofford	0
P. C.	67	N. G. A. C.	0
P. C.	6	Trinity	6
P. C.	35	NEWBERRY	9
<hr/>		<hr/>	
Total P. C.	176	Opponents	42

W. A. JOHNSON
Coach

Ladies and Gentlemen, this is he—the man sought after by Auburn, Sewanee, Davidson, Clemson, and, of course, by dear old P. C. Though the recipient of the most flattering overtures from powerful institutions, Walter Johnson has announced his intention to stand by his "first love," at least for the present and near future. Therefore, we present him as Our Coach in every sense of the word, for he "made us" in athletics and in so doing "made" himself. Johnson is the "Wonder Coach" of the Carolinas. Carter Latimer expressed our sentiments exactly when he said in the Greenville Piedmont: "Walter Johnson stands for the biggest and best in inter-collegiate sport. He is a coach who has kept athletics on the plateau of purity, and whose teams have earned respect at home and abroad. He's alert, resourceful, up-to-date, and continually adding to his knowledge and power. He thinks only of the best, works only for the best, and expects only the best." Such is our coach, and we love him for what he is.

M. C. DENDY
Manager

Take a good look at him, then pat yourself on the back and say, "I have seen a real business man." But Marshall has a long head in other matters than managing a football team. Ask "Big Boy" Williamson. He liked to flirt occasionally, too,—before the Trinity trip. But to get back to his managerial abilities. Pre-eminent among these was that uncanny knack of putting iodine where it stung the worst. He always had all arrangements made for the welfare of his team, too—and his men learned that there was always something good to eat in store for them. In short Dendy was one of the best managers a P. C. football team ever had. He was far-sighted, cheerful and efficient. Keep it up, old man, and good luck.

H. L. EICHELBERGER
Assistant Coach

The synonym for football strategy is Eichelberger. He who knows more about line coaching than Ike, is yet to be born; the fruits of his efforts ripened during the course of the '22 season. For four long years, "Ike" demonstrated to his opponents what real football science was, and when his career as a player ended, his theory of line playing did not cease. Now he has imparted his knowledge and the how-to-do-it to future South Carolina linemen.

"Uncle" is a true Garnet and Blue Johnsonite, and we render to him all the credit that is justly his (which cannot be measured in mere words) for the wonderful success that P. C. attained on the Gridiron.



**J. B. CLOWNEY***Captain*

Right End

Captain Clowney is the man who led that indomitable band of red-shirted blue stocking warriors to many a victory on home and foreign field alike. His knowledge of the game and his ability to play it has made him a leader among leaders. His consistent playing and his display of "grit" were the just reasons why so many critics have given "Coon" a place on the mythical all-state eleven. Clowney opened his career four years ago, and his terrific tackling and his steady offensive drive and his ability to diagnose plays have caused many a worthy toe to be buried in the dust. "Coon," ole boy, we are sorry that you have played your last game for P. C. Your place will be hard to fill and we'll miss you. But in bidding you farewell—we wish you all the success that you have brought the Blue Stocking machine. Good luck.

GRAHAM MILLER*Captain-Elect*

Center

Playing his second year of Varsity football, this human dynamo was last year acclaimed head and shoulders above any center in South Carolina, with the exception only of Wheeler, the Gamecock star. Then when the time came to elect a captain for 1923, this same lad Miller received the unanimous vote of his team-mates for that honor. Graham is one of the scrappiest men ever to don a P. C. uniform. His spirit never dies, and it is of the type that keeps the whole team at top-notch. On the offensive he is a Stonewall Jackson; on the defensive he is a Nathan B. Forrest—Forrest has been known to kill 30 men in individual combat; as an all-round football man, in ability, character, and genius Miller is a Robert E. Lee. Of such is the stuff Graham Miller is made.

L. E. BROWN

Right Guard

North Carolina mountaineers are always welcome at P. C., if Brown is typical of them. A born fighter and powerful, Lawrence forced the wholesome respect of every foe and earned the love and admiration of every Blue Stocking backer. Brown was never known to hit the ground—it wasn't necessary, for one sweep of a single hand sufficed to nip any opposing offensive launched anywhere within his reach. In the nine games but one touchdown was earned by backs through the P. C. line, a lone marker by Carolina. Brown was a tower of strength in the P. C. line—draw your own conclusions. We are sorry to lose Brown, for he will not be with us next year—and he will be missed.





W. T. WADE
Right Tackle

And now we come face to face with one of the headiest tackles in the game. Kept from playing his full time for three years, the fates decreed that Bill should play one full season. And oh, the wailing and gnashing of teeth that decree caused. For one whole season of nine games the honorable left tackles opposite the "Sheik of Broad River" were humiliated and humbled, trampled and beaten, and otherwise maltreated. Being from the country, he knew how to plough through and open up for the runner. Wade has also played his last game for the Garnet and Blue. His shoes may be easy to fill but his head-gear won't. Good luck, kid; if you use your head in life like you did on the gridiron—you'll be a millionaire bye 'n bye.



D. L. WILLIAMSON
Right Guard

"Big Boy" completes that masterful driving aggregation that goes to make up the right side of the fast shifty Blue Stocking line. Whether on defense or offense, Big Boy's 190 pounds is in the midst of the fight, giving just a little more than he is receiving. Besides being endowed with the necessary avoridupois that makes a class AA guard, his characteristics go incomplete when his aggressiveness is not mentioned. Big Williamson is one of the few who has made his letter for four years in football. He made his first appearance four years ago and, sad to relate, he appeared for the last time Thanksgiving Day. Big Boy, we are expecting you to win a letter every year on the football team of Life's College, and just remember how you used to do it on Johnson's machine and success will be yours.



P. H. BOMAR
Left Tackle

If Arkansas has any more like him we want them all, for Bomar is as good tackle as we want to see. This lad never plays sensational ball. Nay, we have a far better compliment than that for him. He is at all times a steady, reliable, consistent Rock of Gibraltar. In fact he is recognized as one of the powerful mainstays of the brilliant Blue Stocking line. When the tide of battle surged high against him, Bomar made his true worth known. Precious few yards were gained over left tackle. On the other hand when yards were needed Bomar was always able to have a wagon-road waiting for one or the other of the "Johnson rabbits." Bomar throws his whole soul into every play—that's the secret of his ability.





J. F. MASON
Left End

Zip—Plunk! And another pass has landed safely in Joe's waiting arms. He's the exponent on the receiving end of Johnson's passing machine. He shows no partiality to the easy ones 'cause he can make difficult ones look like the easiest kind. Joe's ability is not limited—he's in a class by himself on the offensive side of play and on the defense, he's a wrecking crew wrapped up in human skin. Mason won his spurs two years ago and from his first appearance on the Blue Stocking Varsity, he has re-committed himself in a manner that brings admiration from the most critical of critics. P.C.'s foes will have great cause for woe if at least one more season and many a good tackle will have to bow in submission before Joe's football days are ended. The Blue Stocking supporters are expecting great things next year, so don't tell us, boy!



H. J. HINDMAN
Quarter-Back

Born and reared amidst Chester's hills, this lad has upheld the fair name of his native heath. For the second season, Hindman has earned his spurs in battle on the gridiron. Furthermore, Heyward has for the second season earned the right to a place in the front rank of South Carolina's field generals. His wise generalship and strategy and coolness have been, in a large measure, responsible for the brilliant record of the Johnson clan on the gridiron, for it was he who directed the destinies of the Blue Stockings in battle. Hindman heaved the pass that beat Davidson, he heaved likewise the one that tied Trinity. In other battles, too, he proved his mettle. We are glad he will be with us one more year, which season we expect to be brilliant indeed.

J. H. PEARCE
Right Half



The smallest piece of human flesh in the collegiate football world is the definition of Shorty Pearce the miniature wonder. Tipping the beams at 123, he travels at a rate of a hundred in ten flat. He is sixty-three inches high and in a broken field, not three inches are in the same place at the same time. Taking in consideration his short stature, he is one of the most wonderful little defensive half-backs in the game. No man is too big for this little fellow to tackle and no pass is too high for him to intercept. And on the receiving end of Walter Johnson's passing system, he has few equals. Not only that, but he also acts in the tossing department, passing with speed and accuracy. Pearce received many votes for all All-State team and he is practically assured of the honor next year.

The Blue Stocking gridiron foes will have the task of catching the uncatchable for another season—Shorty's last. Lead 'em a chase Shorty, they'll all be behind you!



A. T. WILSON
Left Half

25-26-8:-5 — Hep — Zip — and twenty-five yards later—Bang! No, good reader, that's not a secret code. Those signals mean that Jack Wilson's to carry the Oval. "Hep" means that the ball has been snapped to him; for explanation of the next phrase, see any team that Jack has played against; and "Bang" means that some poor unfortunate had not succeeded in getting out of the way of this human bullet.

Lach has absolutely no equal in the art of broken field running; he can receive passes with the best of 'em; he runs back punts in great style; he is an artist at kicking field goals, and he can do almost anything that a mortal football player can do. He weighs 136 pounds and is just about 5 feet 4. He travels at the terrific speed of a demon.

Wilson was practically unanimously elected to the mythical All-State team. But he has played his last game for ole P. C. His presence will be greatly missed in the future and his past attainments will long be remembered in the minds of the Garnet and Blue followers.

R. B. MOORE
Fullback

Moore won recognition as a powerful fullback in the Carolina game. The game-cock line was recognized as being one of the most powerful in the South, yet Roy was able to penetrate it time after time for substantial gains. Always a powerful line-bucker, Moore is even better on defense. When it comes to meeting plays, he is a vicious tiger. He meets all comers head-on and hard. None are too big for this 155-pound full-back. He breaks up line bucks in the line, he smashes end runs almost before they materialize—they are all the same to him. A bad knee bothered Roy a little throughout the season—but who could tell it? Certainly not a man tackled by him. As a football player Moore is another Dode Phillips, and we expect much from him in the two more years he has with the Blue Stockings.

D. F. KIRVEN
End

He's red-headed, so we guess that is the reason for it. Anyway, Donnie is a good end—red hair or not. He is a very valuable man to have around. He is the hardest man to get off his feet that we have struck yet—and an end on his feet is a dangerous snag, for an end run. Something tells us the jinx knows Donnie. Anyway a bad knee sustained in his Freshman year bothered him every year since save this, his last season with us. Regardless, he was able to win a letter and a star for meritorious services. You can't keep a good man down. If Donnie tackles all problems as he does on the gridiron, he will be far more successful in the game of life.





L. NORTON
Right Tackle

Now, good readers, behold the Venus de Clio. One of the biggest and fastest two-toed animals that has placed his pedal extremities in a pair of No. 11 football shoes at P. C.

Leon only weighs about one-twentieth of a ton and folks say that he is getting bigger. Anyway, he's got the stuff in him and he has already fought under the Garnet and Blue for two years. So imbued with the P. C. fighting spirit is he that even tigers seek refuge in their lair when Norton goes hunting in the jungles.

That we are expecting wonders from Norton for his next and last year is expressing it in the mildest term. And we know that Venus is going to give every ounce of that 200 pounds to Coach Johnson next year, eh, Norton?

T. G. DULIN
Guard

A fullback charging through Dulin's guard would have as much trouble making headway as would a pig in a ditch trying to squeeze through "Tub's" knees. But Dulin doesn't confine himself to that territory on one side of center. On the contrary he is of a decided disconcerting temperament, for it is a wee bit disconcerting to the other fellow to feel some husky lad pull him down from the rear just when the end is cut down and the way seems clear for 10 yards at least. Many times has Dulin been guilty of such atrocities against "the other fellow." Glenn always puts his whole soul in the game—that's why we are sorry he will wear our colors no longer, for he donned the uniform for the last time last Thanksgiving.

H. E. MONTGOMERY
Quarter-Back

"Monty" is the hardest and the most consistent worker that has ever donned a P. C. uniform. As thick as he is tall, built low to the ground, he is a source of worriment to the best of 'em. A quarter-back that can use his head and carry the ball is "Bo" in a nut-shell. He has the coveted ability of mixing them up and can run his team with a snap and a vim that brings forth the proverbial "How does he do it?"

"Bo" has worked faithfully for P. C. for four hard seasons—through thick and thin—and never has he been known to kick anything except the pigskin. But now that his work here has been done, he has been called higher up and success, only, awaits that will and determination which he possesses.





E. WALKER

Fullback

This is Walker's second year on Johnson's squad. He weighs only 138, hence he is a very little man to back up a line in the way he does. You can't make a man whom he hits believe that Walker weighs no more than he does—for he tackles in a vicious manner that makes the other fellow stop, groan, and drop. And when it comes to bucking the line, this lad could do that thing. His head must have the qualities of a diamond drill, for he has smashed many a line that seemed immovable. Two more years under Walter Johnson should develop Walker into a brilliant back.



W. R. RICKER

Tackle

As a tackle, Ricker is a very fast man. In fact he is one of the fastest men on a fast squad. This, plus his ideal build, enables him to cover much territory. Then, too, he is a powerful lad. He can charge in and break up an attack, or he can literally tear open a hole for his own man to break through. Ricker is an excellent substitute tackle. He has one more year with us, and we expect much of him in the 1923 campaign.



H. J. McLAURIN

Center

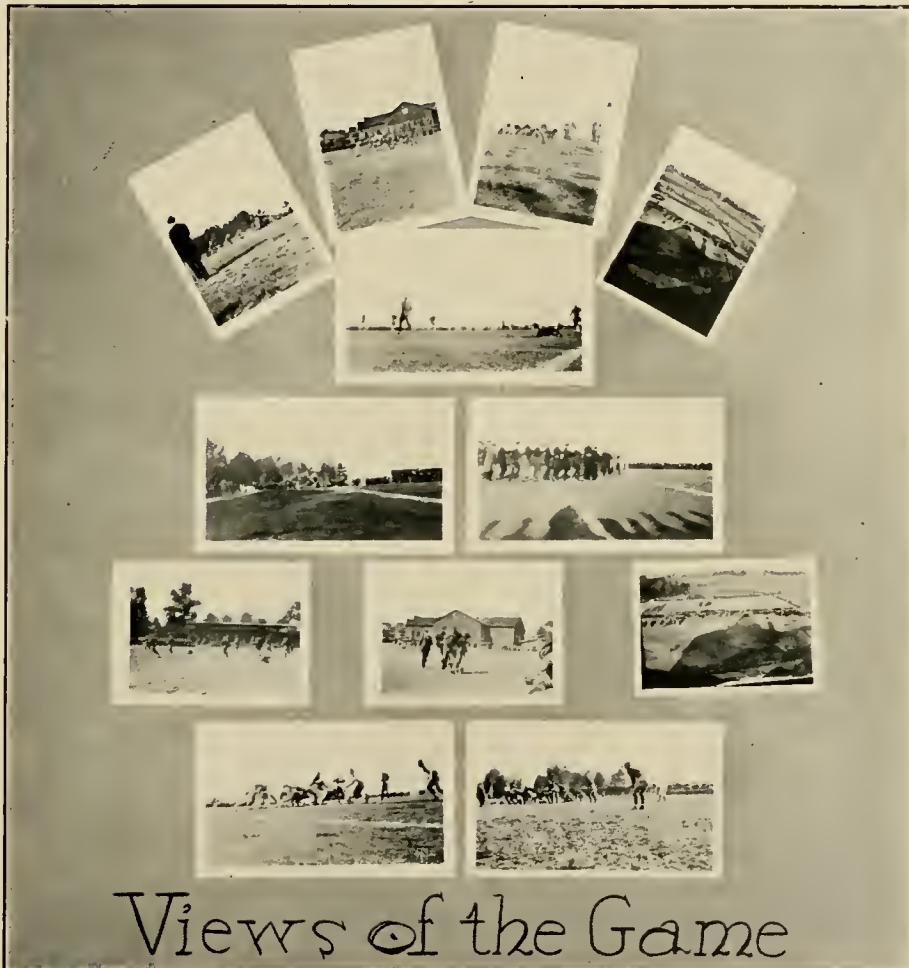
From the color of Red's hair we can justly tag the cognomen of the "Bloody Sop" to his person. That hair of his is a veritable danger signal, and whoever crosses his path and heeds not his signal, soon realizes his mistake. We understand that Mac is interested in Berkshires, around the crossroads of Sumter. That partially explains why he succeeds in "hogging" all that territory in front of him on the football field.

The "King-de-Pig" has the makings of a great career as a center, stored away in his abilities. Ere Father Time closes the gates of learning behind him, we expect Red to have won many stars for his Sunny Dome.





Views of the Game



Views of the Game

Review of the Season



WITH the possible exception of that memorable campaign of 1917 the season of 1922 was perhaps the most brilliant in the history of Football at the Presbyterian College of South Carolina. The squad that reported for practice on September 5 was an unknown quantity; it was practically the same as that which underwent such a terrible disaster during the 1921 season. Yet, it was not the same; from that squad evolved a machine that won the respect and admiration of both foe and friend. "The Presbyterians have one of the gamest squads that ever stepped on a gridiron. Walter Johnson has shaped these boys into a machine that travels with speed and endurance, always carrying a threat that is dangerous. They fight to the last ditch, as long as they have a leg, an eye, or an ear to stand on." Thus quoth a scribe in the "Greenville Piedmont" after seeing the Blue Stockings in action in an early game of the season. Added to this unconquerable spirit, this determination to die fighting, if need be, was the inevitable mark of the hand of a master trainer. The Presbyterian was a well drilled eleven, polished in the fine points of the game. "We have seen Johnson's team in action many times, and we saw in it the master hand of an excellent coach, a coach who has the knowledge of football, personality, and the winning spirit."

The 1922 Blue Stocking team was the lightest team in the South. Yet with an average weight of a bare 151 pounds per man, it set a pace so brilliant that it would have reflected credit on any gridiron machine in the country. Out of nine games, six were won, two were lost, and one was tied. It was the second highest scoring machine in the state, with 176 points rolled up, being second only to Furman; It was the strongest defensive team in the state, with but 42 points being pushed over her goal line. But six touchdowns were scored against the Blue Stockings in nine games. Of these, but two were obtained by line bucks or end runs; one was scored on a long forward pass; two were the results of long runs after intercepting passes, and one caused after a seventy yard fluke run. In addition, the Presbyterians of 1922 led all the gridiron machines in South Carolina in percentage of games won; P. C., .750; Furman, .727; Clemson and Carolina, .556 each.

The season opened with a brilliant 8-7 victory over Davidson. According to Carter Latimer, the prominent sport writer: "P. C. fought valiantly against Davidson and won, but their victory deserved to be greater by two touchdowns." Two heart rending defeats followed hard upon such an auspicious start. "But what of defeat, if there is revealed in a team unblemished sportsmanship and a gameness that cannot be denied?" Quoting again from the pen of an impartial sporting scribe, "Johnson's lads fought with the

South Carolina Gamecocks to a bloody standstill, only to suffer the anguish of a 7-0 defeat.—Yesterday they appeared to have outfought the Clemson Tiger until the final two minutes of the struggle, when the Tiger achieved a 13-0 victory by a phenomenal forward pass plus an intercepted pass."

From then on, however, the Blue Hose machine rode on the tide of victory, extracting sweet revenge for defeats administered in the ill-fated 1921 season. Erskine bowed in humble submission by a 19-0 score at the Greenwood county fair. The Citadel Bulldog was soused under a 9-0 whitewash in his own kennel. Wofford demonstrated to the patrons of the Spartanburg County Fair how one should bear up in the face of a 32-0 defeat. The North Georgia Aggies took their medicine like men, and gracefully admitted the 67-0 superiority of the speedy machine from South Carolina. Hearing that one monsieur dope had predicted at least a two touchdown victory for Trinity, the Johnson company invaded the Durham lair of the North Carolina Methodists, and left them praising the Goddess of Fortune for her beneficence in allowing a 6-6-tie. Then came the crowning event of a season of unsurpassed brilliancy.

Our ancient rival Newberry came to Clinton on Thanksgiving with a determination written in blood to stop the forward march of the victorious Blue Stockings, and to repeat the Lutheran victory of 1921. Opposed to the Lutheran conception of the annual classic was the Calvinistic theory as to what was going to happen on that particular day. And the exponents of Calvinism vowed among themselves to see to it that their ideas should prevail. Result: Calvinism proved its superiority to Lutheranism on the gridiron, proved it indisputably, convincingly, overwhelmingly and beyond the peradventure of a doubt. The story is so sweet to Blue Stockings' ears that more than the 35-9 score should be perpetuated for the edification of posterity. Newberry gained no more than seven yards through the line or on end runs against the Blue Stockings. At no time did she carry a serious threat. She gained her lone touchdown when Borts intercepted a pass on his own 10 yard line and realized the dream of a lifetime in racing 90 yards to a touchdown against the Presbyterians. A safety realized 2 more points for the visitor's total.

But our tale is not yet told. The football firmament is richer now by three stars than it was in September, 1922. Jack Wilson was an almost unanimous choice for all-state halfback. His running mate, Pierce, received state-wide recognition as the peer of any halfback in the state. This pair of "mid-gets" was universally recognized as the greatest running pair in the 1922 South Carolina campaign. Then, too, Graham Miller was accorded the signal honor of being one of the two best centers in the state. In fact many considered him as the equal of Wheeler, the Carolina star.

Such is the summary of the 1922 football season, and of such a record can P. C. be justly proud.

As Seen in the Daily Papers

"Presbyterian College football team gave the followers of the University of South Carolina something to worry about for fifty-six minutes this afternoon, and when the final whistle blew, the score stood: Gamecocks 7—Blue Stockings 0."—Greenville News.

"The Palmetto Presbyterians have one of the gamiest squads that ever stepped on a gridiron. They fought valiantly against Davidson and won, but their victory deserved to be greater by two touchdowns. They fought the South Carolina Gamecocks to a bloody standstill, and appeared to have outfought the Clemson Tiger until the closing moments. They fight to the last ditch. Walter Johnson's master hand has shaped these kids into a machine that travels fast and is always dangerous."—The Greenville Piedmont.

"Citadel unable to stop Blue Stocking flashes. Johnson unleashed two gridiron greyhounds against the Bulldogs, and the Blue and White were unable to stop their dashes."—Charleston News and Courier.

"Wofford licked by P. C. Blue Stockings romp over Terrier outfit by 32-0 score. Wofford secured but one first down, while Presbyterians manufactured 21 first downs."—The Spartanburg Herald.

"Plucky fight is put up by Presbyterians in game on Riggs field. Clemson scored two touch-downs in final moments of close battle; Blue Stockings prove they are a well coached team. Final score 13-0."—The Greenville News.

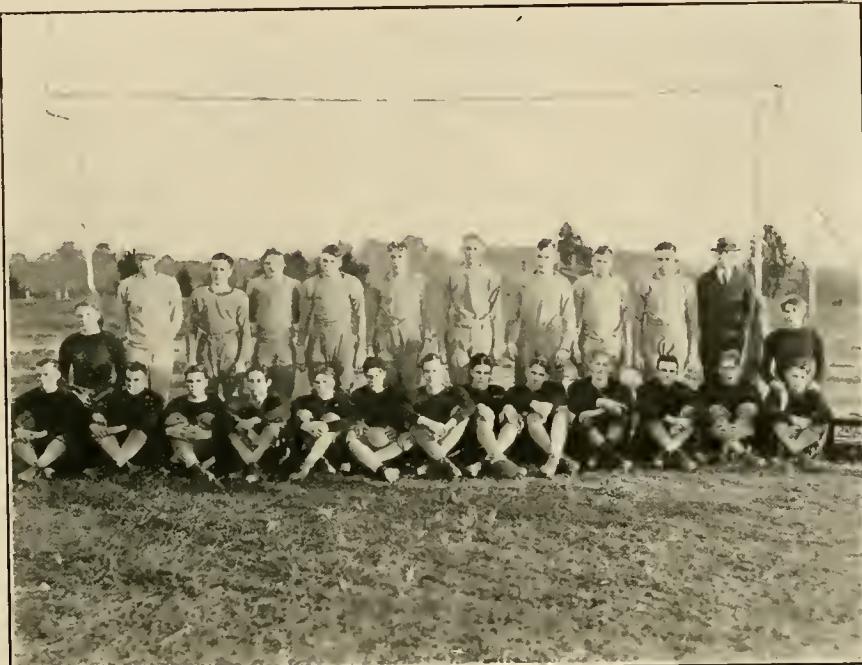
"P. C. trims Erskine and wipes out last year's defeat. Blue Stockings outclass seceders in every department of the game."—Greenwood "Index Journal."

"North Georgia Aggies smashed by P. C., 67-0. Blue Stockings run wild."—The Greenville News.

"Walter Johnson's Little college Eleven probably deserves more glory than any other football squad in South Carolina this year."—The Greenville News.

"Presbyterian College Battles Trinity to 6-6 draw. EACH TEAM MAKES SEVEN FIRST DOWNS."—Durham Morning News.

"Winding up a successful season in a blaze of glory, Presbyterian College swamped Newberry 35-9 in the annual Thanksgiving classic here today."—The Greenville News.



The Freshman Squad

THE RECORD OF THE BLUE SOX

P. C.	0	Carolina	6
P. C.	7	Wofford	0
P. C.	7	Davidson	0
P. C.	25	Newberry	0
P. C.	47	Erskine	0
P. C.	26	B. M. I.	0
P. C.	0	Newberry	3
Total P. C.	112	Total Opponents	9

**L. S. McMILLIAN.***Coach Freshmen Athletics*

When the curtain rang down on Lonnies' successes as a player, his time for winning games did not end. The next year he helped Coach mold his varsity squad into a fighting machine. And last year, taking the material that was on hand, he instilled into the Freshmen that indomitable spirit that has made P. C. famous; he has coupled with it the science and laws of the game. The only result that could evolve from such a combination, was a finished product of the first degree and this product materialized into a form of a whirlwind that swept the state.

So Lonnies, you have the confidence of the entire Student Body and the best wishes of every P. C. man. We hope to claim you for another year.

F. B. MAYES*Manager-Elect*

A good manager has to be trained as well as anybody else. If preliminary training counts for much, then Mayes will be "the stuff" next year, for he has put in two good years apprenticeship. Then he is accustomed to a certain extent to that never-tailing cry of a hungry football squad, "Manager, when do we eat?" for he has tenderly cared for the Freshmen while on the road. Now, add to his experience Mayes' good nature, his obliging disposition, and especially his efficiency and ability to get things done, and you have our manager for 1923. Good luck to you, "pard!"

T. M. ROBINSON*Captain Freshman Team
Right Half*

Robinson is another product of the City of Seven Hills, and is on the Blue-Sox eleven. He lead the Garnet and Blue to victory after victory, and incidentally won glory for himself and for his comrades. Possessing knowledge of the autumn sport, that would do credit to a veteran of the game, and displaying it in the opportune time, he proved himself to be a captain far above par. Not only does he possess that ability to lead but he possesses the ability to deliver the goods.

Robby, ole man, we are expecting you to carry the oval through many a broken field, and pile up the score for your Alma Mater, while serving on Walter Johnson's Blue Stocking machines.



Freshman Review



ACH succeeding year ushers into the College Life at P. C., wider and better activities. This year it was in the form of a cracking good Freshman Football eleven, that won fame for itself, all over the State. Under the new ruling of the S. I. A. A., "Rats" were not allowed on the varsity squads of the '22 machines. P. C. will always be indebted to the gentlemen who made that rule. Contrary to expectations, such a rule did not work a hardship on the "little" schools; instead, our varsity team was better by far, and the new men had a chance to make fame for themselves.

Under the guiding hand of one of P. C.'s former graduates, namely Lonnig Sexton McMillian, the Rats began their practice for a season; a season that was full of glory and honor for the Garnet and Blue. The first encounter was with Carolina "Roosterettes." The Blue Sox journeyed down to the Capital City, with the determination of exerting their every ounce of energy against the heavier team. To those who saw the game, it is useless to state that some real football was exhibited. It was not until the last quarter that either side was able to score; the Young Carolinians succeeded in making a tally in this frame that proved to give them the honors of winners, but not victors, for the sons of P. C. must also be given their just praise.

The Terrier Pups were now slated for a defeat. Coach McMillian invaded foreign territory again, this time to bring back the Skins of the "little" pups. Jim Copeland, the stellar quarter-back of the team, assisted by his team-mates, carried the Pigskin over the line for a touchdown, thus winning a game for P. C.

The next to meet defeat at the hands of the Pre-hysterians were Presbyterians too. Davidson had already been defeated once by their South Carolina rivals, and came to Rock Hill with the determination to avenge the defeat of their brothers. But the Little Hosiery were also determined to uphold the record of their brothers and put the whitewash on the Wild-Kittens to the tune of 7-0. (Is Davidson willing to concede that we are worthy rivals?)

Newberry sent their Papooses to Clinton to pave the way for a Varsity victory on Thanksgiving day. They DID (Not)!!! Can you imagine anything that sounds more glorious to the supporters of the Hose than a story of 25-0, in favor of the said Blue Sox?!? The young Indians had to go home and tell their brothers what the little boy said who sat on the ice, "My tail is told."

The plucky team from the Holy City, namely Erskine, met defeat at the hands of McMillian's charges on the grounds of our home team. When the final count was added, it was found to be 47-0, with the Old Presbyterians on the large end of the count.

B. M. I. sent their varsity team to meet the "inexperienced Rats". And they did!! The long end runs of Clinton, the great defensive work of the entire Presbyterians will account for the score being 26-0, with the cadets going home in defeat.

The last game that the young Blue Stockings played was against Newberry, in the form of an exhibition game. It had no bearing on the State race. Much to the dismay of everyone who saw the game, the Indians came off victors, after having kicked one lone field goal. The machine that McMillian had coached could not get into running order that afternoon, so for the second time during the year, the rats bowed in defeat.

A glorious season has gone down in history. Never again will P. C. want to go through the season without a Freshman Football Team. A vast amount of material has been uncovered, and with a two-fold battle going on continuously, the Student Body has much to look forward to. Congratulations! Rats, on your wonderful success!

College Songs

(Tune: The Red, White and Blue.)

*The Garnet and Blue float forever,
O'er P. C.'s, brave sons let it wave;
Our captain, our team and Coach Johnson
Will send all her foes to the grave.
With the garlands of victory around her,
And the enemy fleeing in the field,
With a spirit undaunted, still true,
Three cheers for the Garnet and Blue.*

Hi, hi, hi: P. C., P. C., P. C.

(Tune: Bring Back My Bonnie.)

*Old Newberry's trembling and shaking;
For Newberry's sure of defeat;
For P. C.'s, strong whirlwind eleven,
Will sweep them right off of their feet.*

(Chorus)

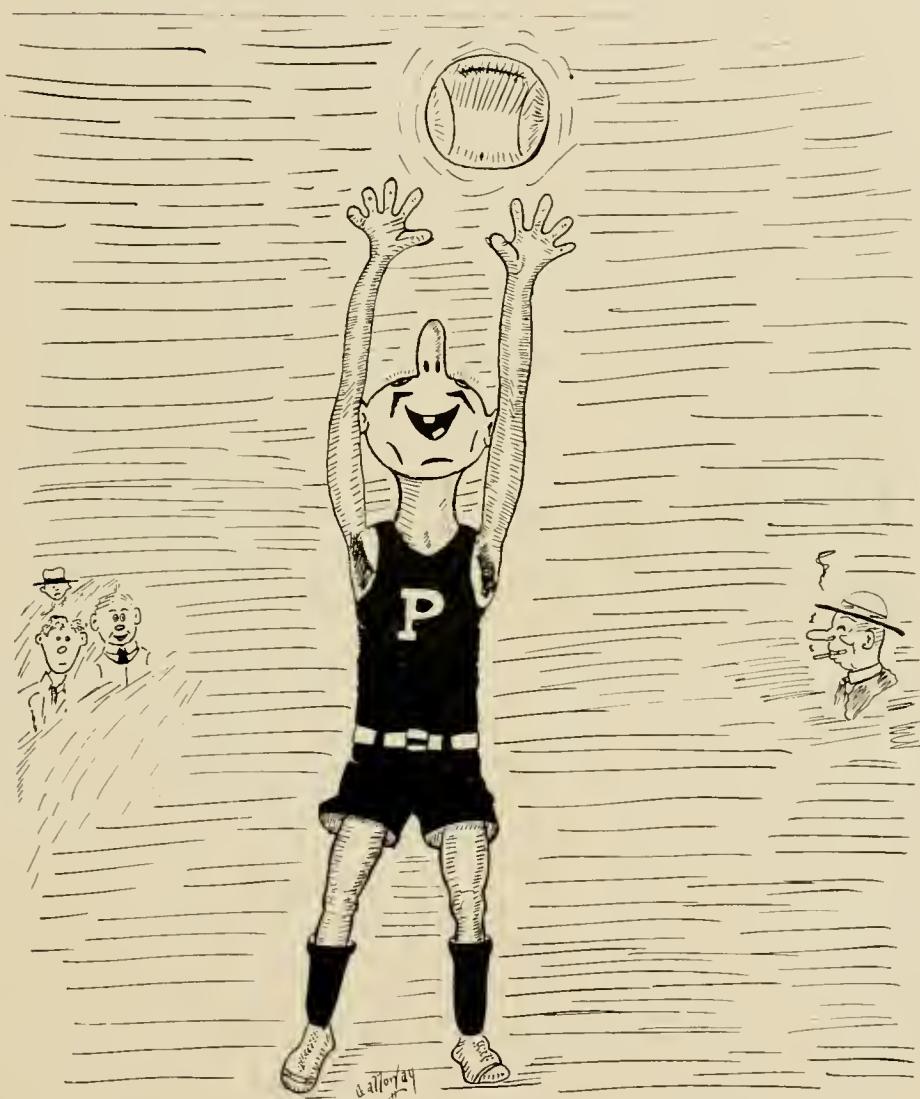
*Bring back, bring back,
O bring back that pigskin P. C., P. C.,
Bring back, bring back,
O bring back that pigskin P. C.*

*Coach Johnson is sure of a victory,
For P. C. fights all thru' the game;
And when the great battle is over,
We'll march off with honor and fame.*

—Wilson and Dendy.

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PAC-SAC



BASKET-BALL

One-Hundred and Fifteen

Presbyterian College of South Carolina



BASKETBALL SQUAD

Basketball Squad

W. A. Johnson	<i>Coach</i>
J. F. Mason	<i>Captain</i>
R. L. Edmunds	<i>Manager</i>

BASKETBALL SCHEDULE Season 1923

Furman at Clinton	January 22
Newberry at Newberry	January 23
Wofford at Clinton	January 25
Clemson at Clinton	January 26
Georgetown at Clinton	January 31
College of Charleston at Charleston	February 2
Citadel at Charleston	February 3
Sumter "Y" at Sumter	February 5
Pacific Mills at Columbia	February 6
Citadel at Clinton	February 13
College of Charleston at Clinton	February 15
Furman at Greenville	February 20
Wofford at Spartanburg	February 21
Clemson at Clemson	February 22

PAC-SAC

PAC-SAC



BASE BALL

One-Hundred and Seventeen

Presbyterian College of South Carolina



BASEBALL SQUAD

Baseball Squad

PRESBYTERIAN COLLEGE
OF
SOUTH CAROLINA

W. A. Johnson	Coach
D. L. Williamson	Captain
H. Crawford	Manager

BASEBALL SCHEDULE

Season 1922

P. C. vs B. M. I. at Clinton	March 30
P. C. vs Clemson at Clemson	April 3
P. C. vs Wofford at Spartanburg	April 4
P. C. vs College of Charleston at Clinton	April 5
P. C. vs Citadel at Clinton	April 7
P. C. vs Erskine at Due West	April 12
P. C. vs Paris Island Marines at Clinton	April 13 and 14
P. C. vs Erskine at Chester	April 18
P. C. vs Clemson at Clinton	April 21 and 22
P. C. vs College of Charleston at Charleston	May 3
P. C. vs Citadel at Charleston	May 4
P. C. vs Newberry at Newberry	May 5
P. C. vs Newberry at Clinton	May 10

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PAC-SAC



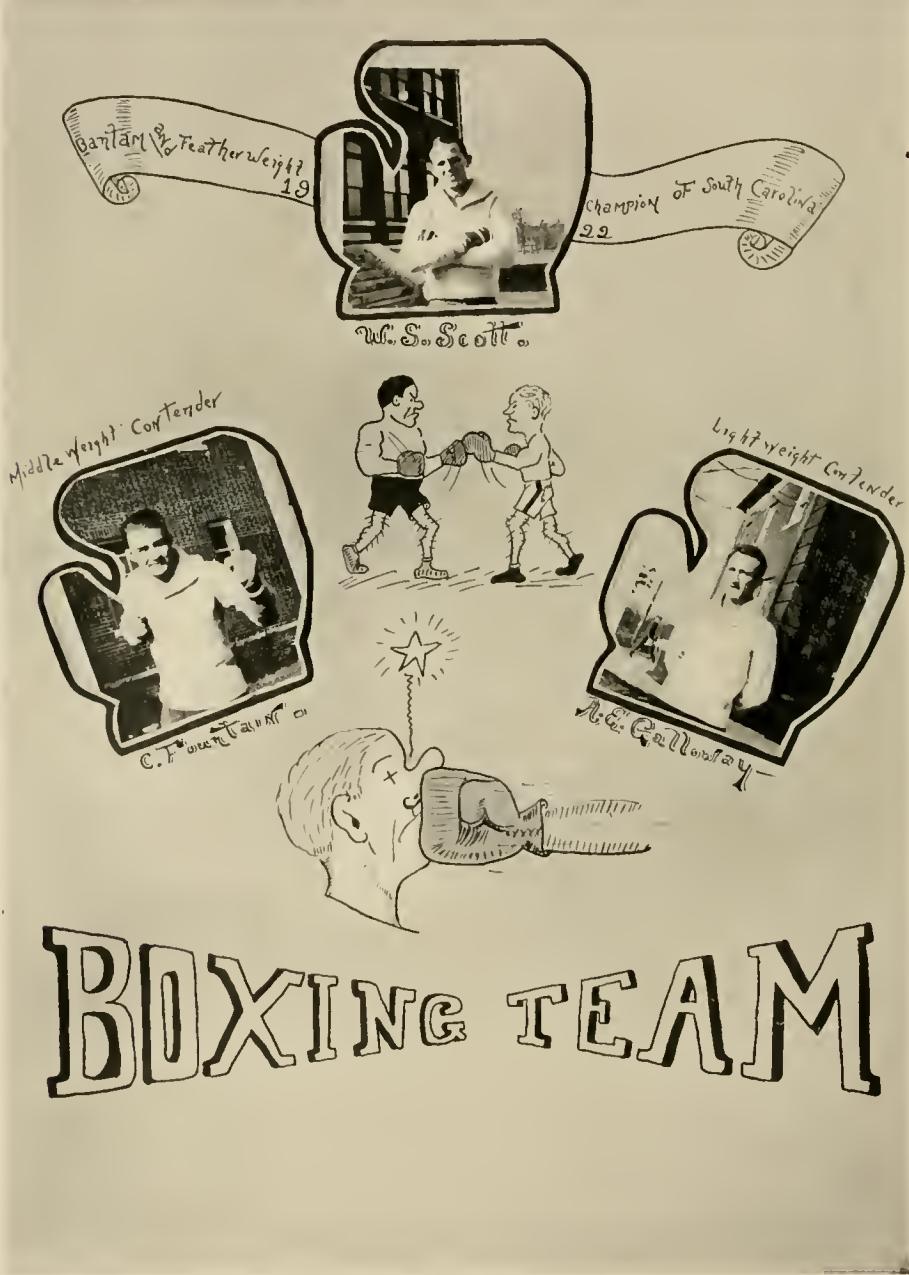
OTHER-SPORTS

One-Hundred and Nineteen

Presbyterian College of South Carolina

PAC-SAC

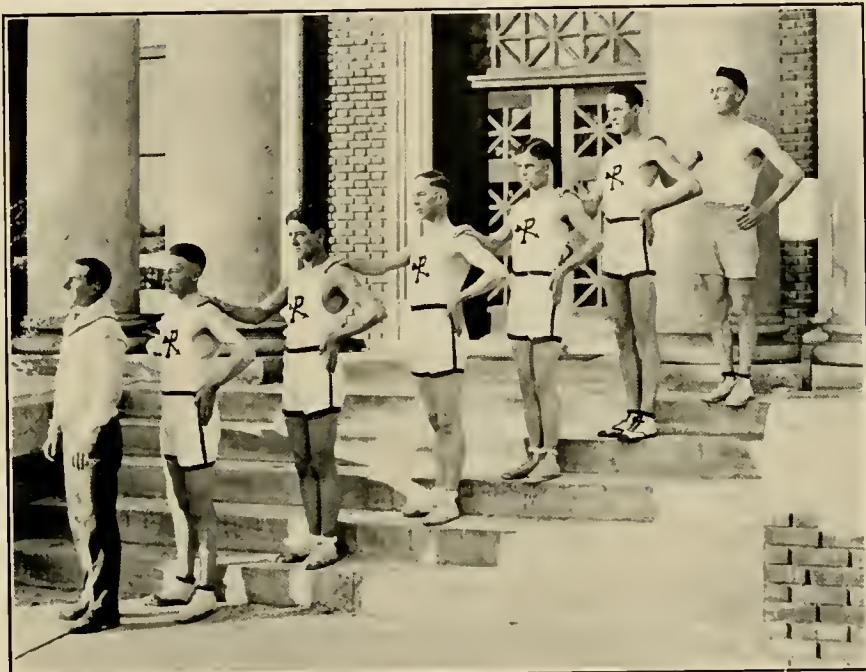
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BOXING TEAM

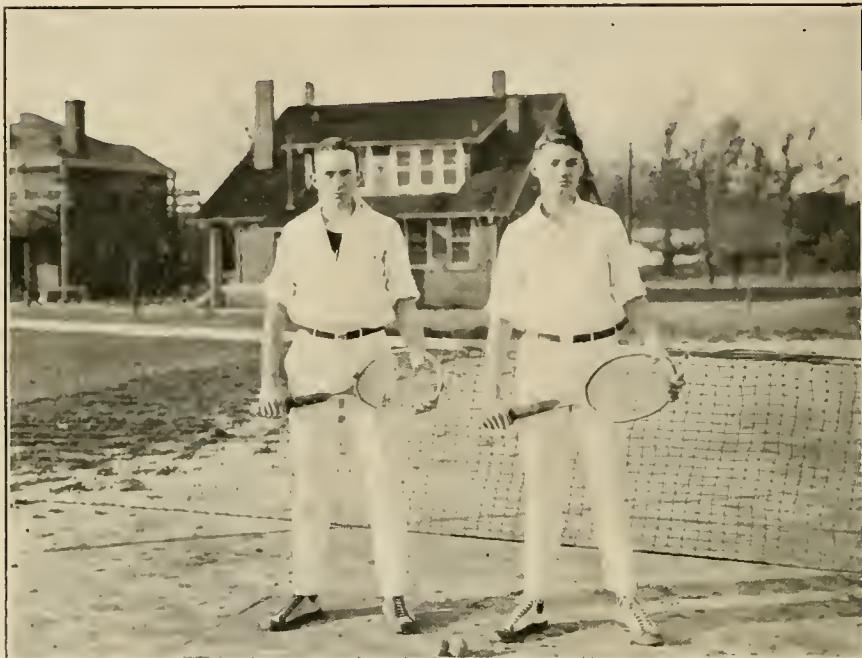
One-Hundred and Twenty

Presbyterian College of South Carolina



Cross Country Track Team

J. E. Raffield	<i>Manager</i>	
C. Cureton	<i>Captain</i>	
W. J. Cherry	J. L. Plexico	E. D. McMahan
W. D. Hudson	<i>Substitute</i>	



TENNIS TEAM

Tennis Team

S. H. Edmunds	<i>Manager</i>
Edmunds and Evans	<i>Doubles</i>
Edmunds, Evans	<i>Singles</i>
Whilden	<i>Substitute</i>



BOOK VI
ORGANIZATIONS

PAC-SAC

PAC-SAC



PAC-SAC

PAC-SAC

Pi Kappa Phi

Founded 1904



COLORS: Gold and White

PUBLICATION: Star and Lamp

FLOWER: Red Rose

BETA CHAPTER OF PI KAPPA PHI

Re-established 1921

Fratre in Facultate

H. E. Sturgeon

Fratres in Urbe

H. M. Brimm

J. H. Hunter

H. L. Eichelberger

L. S. McMillian

J. F. Jacobs, Jr.

W. P. Jacobs

T. D. Jacobs

J. P. McMillian

J. C. Neville

Sam Ray

R. E. Sadler

A. E. Spencer, Jr.

John Young

FRATRES IN COLLEGIO

CLASS OF '23

M. C. Dendy

T. G. Dulin

CLASS OF '24

R. A. Buckner

H. J. Hindman

W. W. Lewis

T. D. Wallace

CLASS OF '25

J. J. Cornwall

W. H. Dendy

R. G. Henry

C. S. Woodside

PLEDGES

R. Adams

G. R. Blalock

A. W. Edwards

J. E. Ferguson

G. M. Foxworth

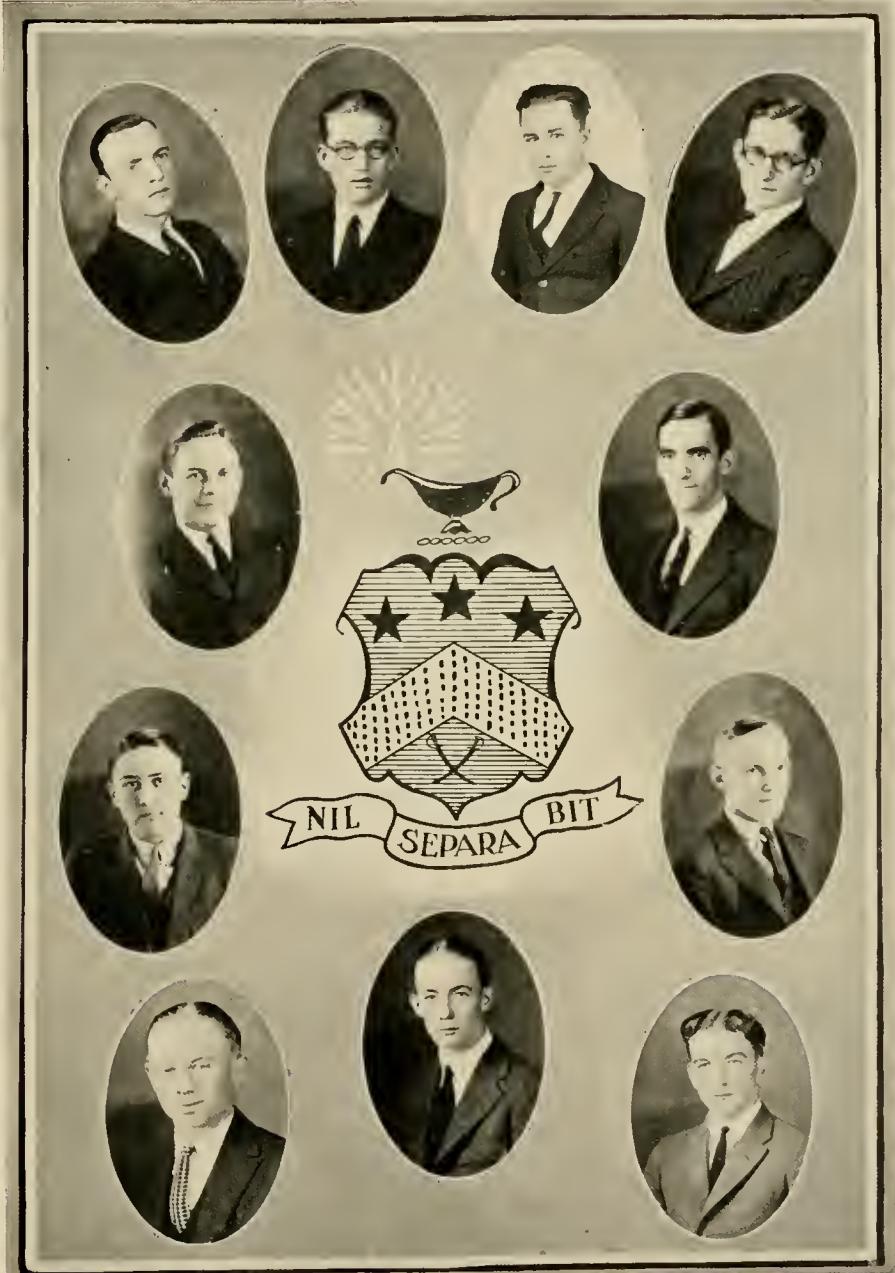
S. N. Hughes

L. O. Lawton

W. M. Sims

PAC-SAC

PAC-SAC



One-Hundred and Twenty-Five

Presbyterian College of South Carolina

Pi Kappa Alpha

(Founded 1868)



COLORS: *Garnet and Gold*
Fifty-nine Active Chapters

FLOWER: *Lily of the Valley*
Sixty Alumni Chapters

Mu Chapter of Pi Kappa Alpha

(Established 1890—Re-Established 1921.)

Fratres in Facultate

D. J. Brimm

F. D. Jones

Fratres in Urbe

D. W. A. Neville

A. H. Copeland

B. H. Boyd

FRATRES IN COLLEGIO

CLASS OF '23

J. C. Young

J. L. Nickles

CLASS OF '24

W. J. Cherry
W. D. Hudson

J. G. Miller
F. W. LaMotte
R. M. Lynn

V. K. Bland
M. B. Nickles

CLASS OF '25

H. B. Smith
R. B. Moore

L. E. Brown

E. G. Beckman
V. P. Weldon

PLEGES

H. K. Holland
J. V. Martin
J. Moore

C. C. Brown
R. C. Wolfe
H. S. Keller

PAC-SAC

PAC-SAC



One-Hundred and Twenty-Seven

Presbyterian College of South Carolina

The Owl Club

COLORS: *Blue and White*

FLOWER: American Beauty Rose

OWLS IN COLLEGIO

CLASS OF '23

S. H. Edmunds, Jr. W. P. Gourdine H. E. Montgomery J. W. Shaw

F. B. Mayes

CLASS OF '24

J. H. Pearce

CLASS OF '25

E. K. Clarke

E. L. Wilds

H. L. McLaurin

D. D. Edmunds

R. H. Whilden

Pledges

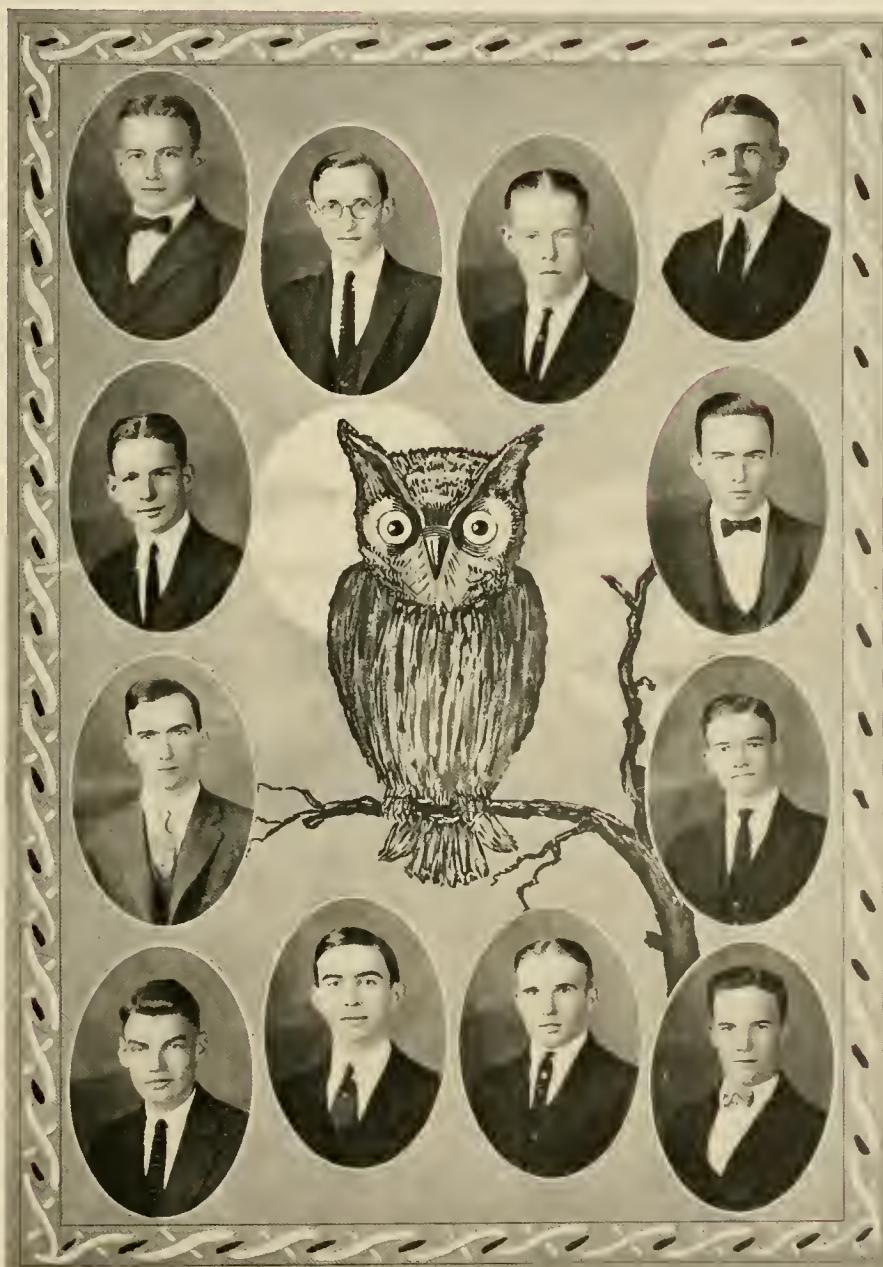
P. H. Carson

L. B. Cousar

T. E. Wallace

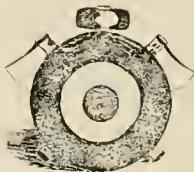
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PAC "SAC



One-Hundred and Twenty-Nine

Presbyterian College of South Carolina



The Æsir

COLORS: *Purple and Gold*

FLOWER: *Lady Slipper*

Active Members

CLASS OF 1923

W. R. Anderson
J. B. Clowney
R. L. Edmunds
D. F. Kirven
H. L. Laws
M. A. MacDonald
C. J. Milling
J. E. Raffield
W. S. Scott

CLASS OF 1924

J. F. Mason
W. D. McMurray

CLASS OF 1925

P. H. Bomar
W. L. Hicklin
A. H. Simpson

CLASS OF 1926

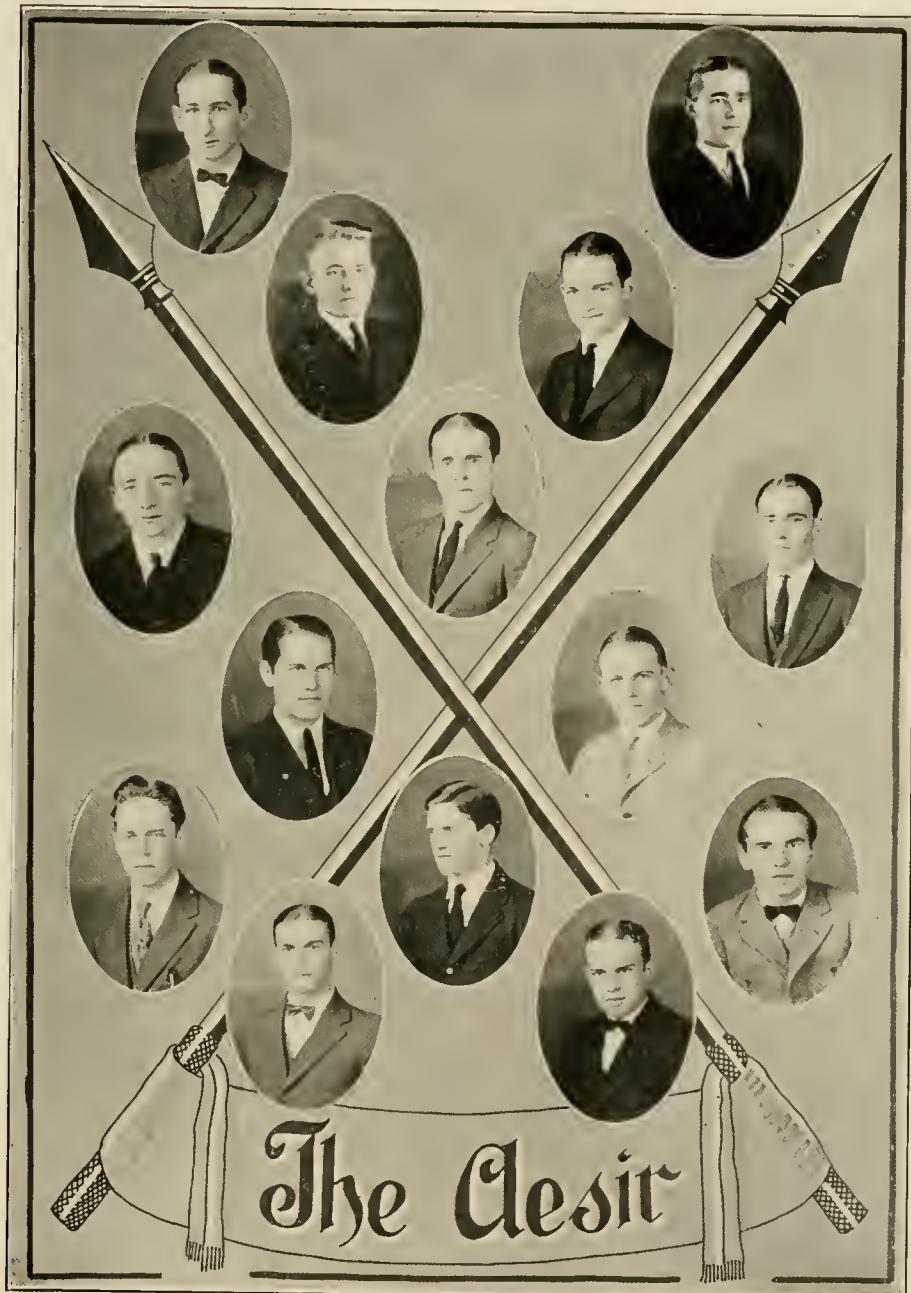
H. M. Dunlap

Pledges

P. S. Bailey M. C. Berry B. F. Knowles W. O. Player T. M. Robinson

PAC-SAC

PAC-SAC

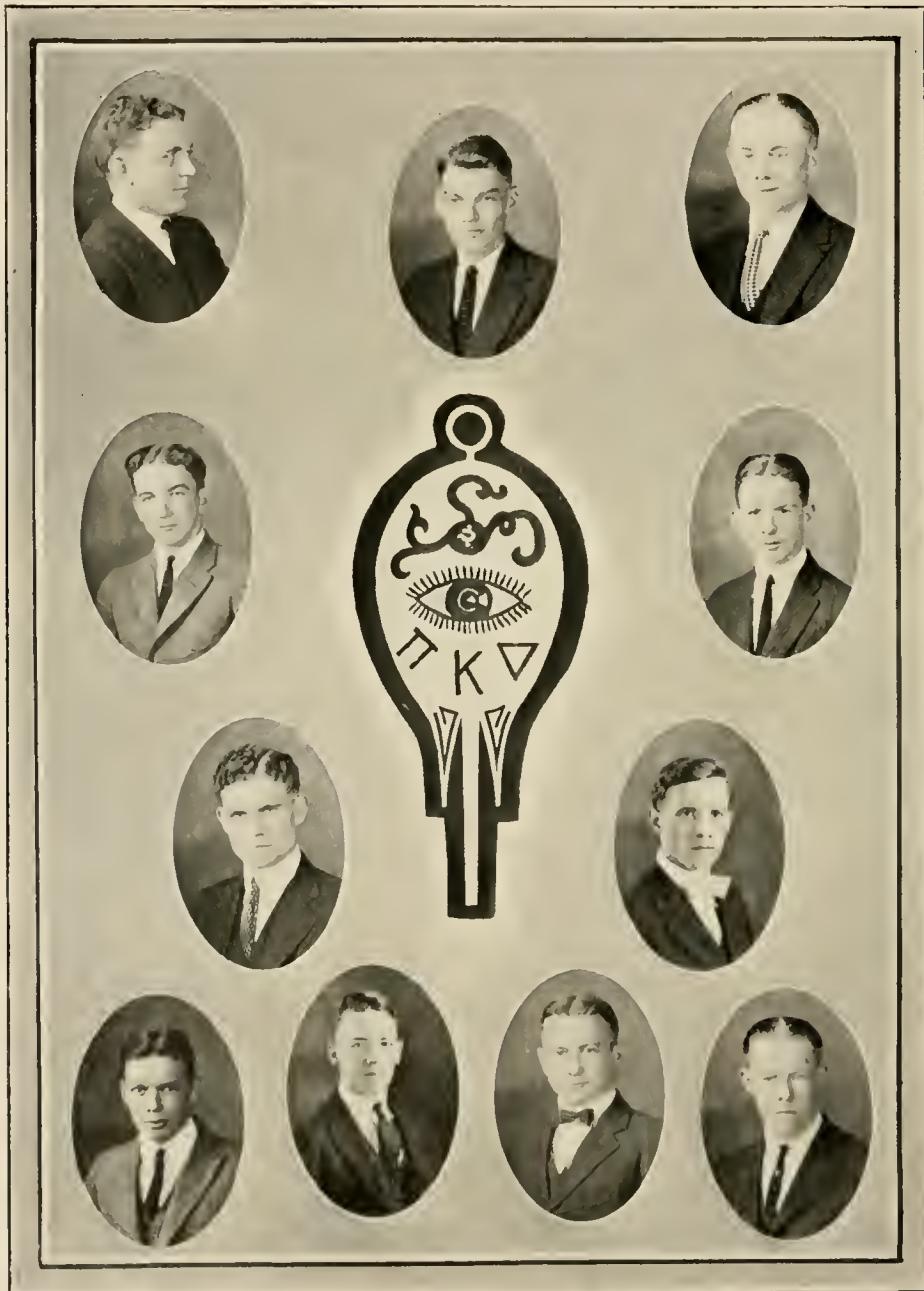


One-Hundred and Thirty-One

Presbyterian College of South Carolina

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PAC "SAC



One-Hundred and Thirty-Two

Presbyterian College of South Carolina

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MILITARY



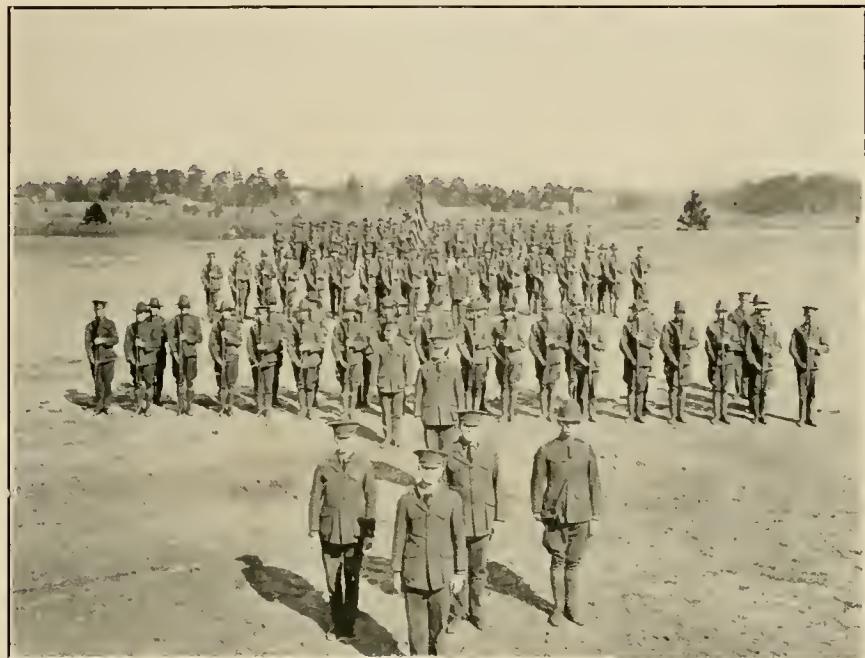
COL. EDWARD L. GLASGOW
Commandant

STAFF

Maj. Chauncey M. McNeil *Assistant Commandant*
First Lt. David R. Nimocks *Assistant Commandant*
William S. Porter *Cadet Major*
Chapman J. Milling *Cadet Adjutant*
William T. Wade *Cadet Sergeant Major*

PAC-SAC

PAC-SAC



THE BATTALION



Company "A"

Williamson, D. L. *Captain*
 Dendy, M. C. *First Lieutenant*
 Prince, M. B. *Second Lieutenant*
 Gourding, W. P. *First Sergeant*

SERGEANTS

Dulin, T. G. Nickles, J. L. Ralfield, J. E. Young, J. C.

CORPORALS

Hindman, H. J.	McMahan, E. D.
Hunt, H. G.	McMurray, W. D.
Hunter, C.	Nickles, M. B.
Lynn, R. M.	Ricker, W. R.
Mayes, F. B.	Wallace, T. D.

PRIVATE

1ST. PLATOON

Belk, S. L.
 Rucker, W. L.
 Stokes, J. M.
 Weldon, A. P.
 Whisman, P. M.
 Whiteside, S. W.
 Beatty, J. S.
 Boggs, C. H.
 Cunningham, G. L.
 Edwards, A. W.
 Hayes, J. G.
 McCaskill, E. D.
 Sistar, W. C.
 Black, G. A.
 Ferguson, J. W.
 McLaurin, H. J.
 Verner, J. B.
 Walker, R. M.

Whilden, R. H.
 Witherspoon, D. B.
 Beckman, E. G.
 Blakeley, B. B.
 Blalock, G. R.
 Hay, H. M.
 Morrison, R. L.
 Sheldon, E. E.
 Woodside, G. L.

2ND. PLATOON

Brown, C. C.
 Drummond, E. A.
 Fuller, H. L.
 Hartwig, V. G.
 Hughes, S. N.
 Robinson, I. M.
 Simpson, A. M.
 Bailey, W. H.

Chidsey, J. W.

Cousar, J. B.

Davis, J. E.

Garvin, J. G.

Henry, R. G.

Perry, L. L.

Cornwall, J. J.

Carson, P. H.

Hayes, S. B.

Hunter, N.

Josey, W. R.

Wolfe, W. C.

Caldwell, L. D.

Copeland, J. W.

Foxworth, G. M.

Harris, A. S.

Macfarlan, W. J.

Ratchford, B. E.



Company "B"

Edmunds, S. H. *Captain*
 Montgomery, H. E. *First Lieutenant*
 MacDonald, M. A. *Second Lieutenant*
 Anderson, W. P. *First Sergeant*

SERGEANTS

Bland, V. K. Kirven, D. F. Laws, H. L. Scott, W. S.

CORPORALS

Boland, R. W. Chapman, J. W. Cureton, C. Miller, J. G. O'Daniel, G. R.
 Buckner, R. A. Cherry, W. J. LaMotte, F. W. Norton, L. Plexico, J. L.

PRIVATE

3RD. PLATOON

Clinton, H. E.
 Fountain, C.
 Keller, H. C.
 Martin, J. V.
 Seawright, K. C.
 Smith, H. B.
 Warren, O. J.
 Boozer, G. P.
 McIlwain, W. L.
 Putnam, G. M.
 Sumerel, G. K.
 Warner, H. B.
 Wilds, E. L.
 Wilson, C. F.
 Banks, R. F.
 Hannah, P. D.
 Holland, H. K.
 Holladay, L. L.
 Lindsey, J. B.

4TH. PLATOON

Madden, C. C.
 Patterson, R. C.
 Berry, M. C.
 Clarke, F. K.
 Edmunds, D. D.
 Montgomery, Y. A.
 Owens, J. H.
 Player, W. O.
 Wallace, T. F.

Clotfelter, M. E.

Grant, J. W.
 Mundy, A. O.
 Perkins, W. M.
 Walker, E. M.
 Warren, T. B.
 Boland, R. W.
 Bailey, P. S.
 Campbell, R. G.
 Currie, F. L.
 McLendon, S.
 Phifer, I. A.
 Ramsey, A. O.
 Ussery, H. D.
 Dendy, W. H.
 Hay, L. H.
 Kirkley, D. D.
 Lawton, L. O.
 Ligon, C. D.
 Moore, J.
 Simpson, A. H.

PAC-SAC

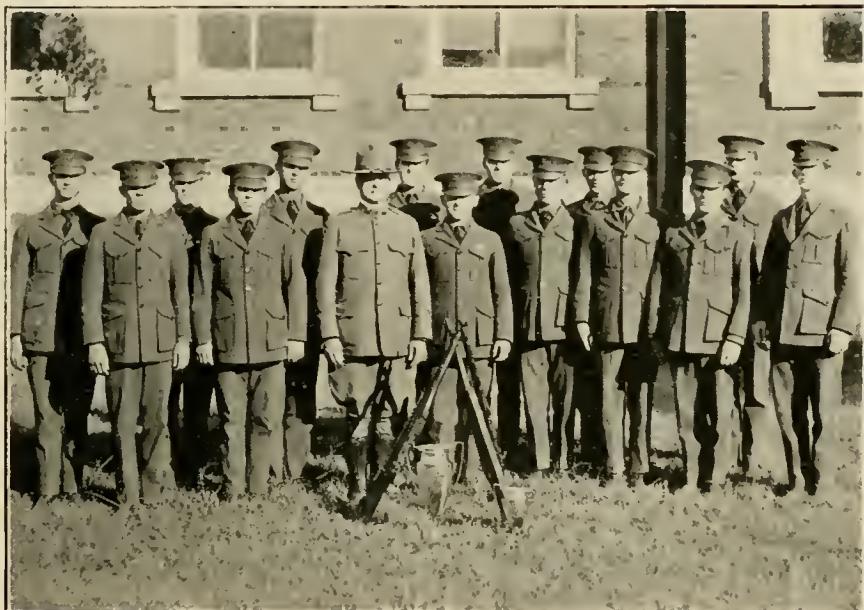
PAC-SAC



Officers' Club

One-Hundred and Thirty-Eight

Presbyterian College of South Carolina



McClellan Club

W. S. Porter President
J. E. Raffield Vice-President
H. L. Laws Secretary and Treasurer

Members

W. S. Scott
W. P. Gourdine
C. J. Milling
W. R. Anderson

Col. E. D. Glasgow
M. A. MacDonald
H. E. Montgomery
M. B. Prince

J. C. Young
J. L. Nickles
S. H. Edmunds
D. F. Kirven

PAC-SAC

PAC-SAC



"SEENS" AT McCLELLAN

One-Hundred and Forty

Presbyterian College of South Carolina

PAC-SAC

PAC-SAC



Y. M. C. A. Cabinet

D. L. Williamson	<i>President</i>
M. B. Prince	<i>Vice-President</i>
H. E. Montgomery	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>
Dr. A. E. Spencer	<i>Faculty Representative Committee Chairman</i>
M. C. Dendy	<i>Missions</i>
R. A. Buckner	<i>Membership</i>
F. B. Mayes	<i>Programme</i>
V. K. Bland	<i>Music</i>
M. A. MacDonald	<i>Social</i>



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D. L. Williamson President
 M. B. Prince Vice-President
 E. B. Warren Secretary

Members

M. C. Dendy	W. H. Dendy
H. L. Laws	O. W. Frost
M. B. Prince, Jr.	H. D. Henderson
D. L. Williamson	J. K. Johnston, Jr.
A. E. Barnado	L. L. Perry
W. J. Cherry, Jr.	R. C. Patterson
C. Cureton, Jr.	K. C. Seawright
W. D. Hudson	Calhoun Fountain
Craig Hunter	V. G. Hartwig
E. D. McMahan	B. S. Hodges, Jr.
J. L. Plexico	H. K. Holland
A. O. Ramsey	H. S. Keller
V. A. Sydenstricker	D. C. Kirkley
E. B. Warren	J. V. Martin
E. T. Wilson	A. M. Simpson
O. J. Warren	



Student Council

D. F. Kirven President
J. C. Young Vice-President
W. W. Lewis Secretary and Treasurer

Members

M. C. Dendy
W. T. Wade
D. L. Williamson
W. J. Cherry
H. J. Hindman

S. N. Hughes

H. J. Hindman
F. B. Mayes
T. D. Wallace
P. H. Bomar
J. J. Cornwall

Glee Club Personnel

M. C. Dendy *Director and Pianist*
 S. H. Edmunds *Manager*

FIRST TENOR

Edmunds, S. H.
 Dendy, W. H.
 Montgomery, Y. A.

SECOND TENOR

Milling, C. J.
 Beckman, E. G.
 Wilds, E. L.
 Adams, R.

FIRST BASS

Porter, W. S.
 Stokes, J. M.
 Player, W. O.
 Lawton, L. O.

SECOND BASS

Montgomery, R. W.
 Edwards, A. W.
 Foxworth, G. M.

ORCHESTRA

S. H. Edmunds *Manager*

SAXAPHONES

Brimm, H. M.
 Player, W. O.

VIOLINS

Foxworth, G. M.
 Stokes, J. M.

CORNET

Edwards, A. W.

CLARINET

Neely, H. K.

PIANO

Dendy, M. C.

DRUMS

Edmunds, S. H.

PAC-SAC

PAC-SAC

CHEE CLUB AND ORCHESTRA





Managers' Club

M. C. Dendy	Manager Football
F. B. Mayes	First Assistant Manager Football
J. J. Cornwall	Second Assistant Manager Football
R. L. Edmunds	Manager Basketball
T. D. Wallace	Assistant Manager Basketball
H. E. Montgomery	Manager Baseball
M. B. Nickles	Assistant Manager Baseball
J. E. Raffield	Manager Track
V. K. Bland	Assistant Manager Track
S. H. Edmunds	Manager Tennis



The Georgia Crackers

MOTTO: "The red old hills of Georgia, my heart is on them Now."

FLOWER: *The Cherokee Rose*

SPONSOR: *Miss Frances Elan*

M. B. Prince President
 J. V. Martin Vice-President
 W. H. Dendy Secretary and Treasurer

Members

J. G. Miller
 V. A. Sydenstricker
 W. D. Hudson
 A. H. Simpson
 J. M. Stokes
 J. W. Chidsey

W. M. Simms

M. E. Clotfelter
 J. I. Davis
 C. F. Fountain
 H. S. Keller
 L. O. Lawton
 J. V. Martin



Tarheel Club

MOTTO: "To Climb as High as Our Mountains"

FLOWER: *Rhododendron*

COLORS: *Purple and White*

D. L. Williamson	<i>President</i>
R. B. Moore	<i>Vice-President</i>
S. W. Whiteside	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>

Members

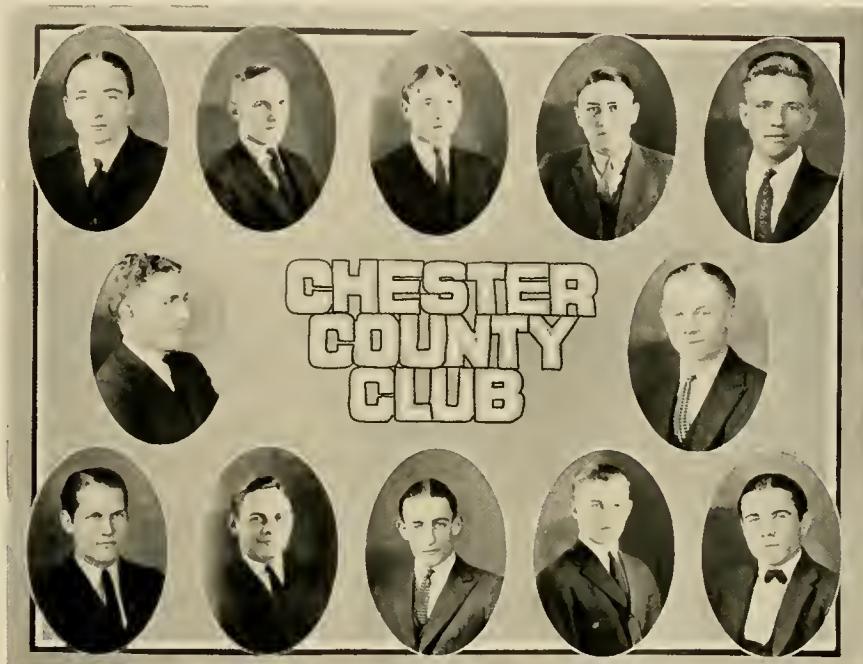
Williamson, D. L.
Henderson, P. P.
Belk, S. L.
Brown, L. E.

Verner, J. B.

Moore, R. B.
Whiteside, S. W.
Brown, C. C.
Moore, J.

PAC-SAC

PAC-SAC



MOTTO: "Keep up the 'rep' o Chester."

FLOWER: Red Rose

COLORS: Red and White

W. T. Wade President
W. W. Lewis Vice-President
J. B. Clowney Secretary and Treasurer

Members

M. A. MacDonald
H. J. Hindman
T. D. Wallace
R. F. Banks

J. K. Johnston

J. J. Cornwall
P. H. Carson
N. Hunter
T. M. Robinson



Chicora Club

MOTTO: "Chicora First, Last and Always."

COLORS: Blue and White

FLOWER: "My Wild Irish Rose."

M. C. Dendy President
 W. S. Scott Vice-President
 Buckner, R. A., and Mason, J. F. Secretaries and Treasurers

Members

W. P. Bowie
 S. N. Hughs
 E. L. Powell
 C. J. Milling
 G. M. Foxworth

R. L. Edmunds

T. B. Warren
 W. D. McMurray
 H. E. Montgomery
 W. R. Josey
 F. B. Mayes

PAC-SAC

PAC-SAC



MOTTO: "Don't Let Laurens and P. C. Cross."

FLOWER: *Lady Slipper*

COLORS: *Old Gold and Olive Green*

J. F. Mason President
W. R. Anderson Vice-President
A. T. Wilson Secretary and Treasurer

Members

R. W. Boland
H. L. Fuller
J. G. Hayes
S. B. Hayes
H. G. Hunt
C. Hunter
R. M. Lynn
J. G. Miller
G. R. O'Daniel

G. F. Rucker
H. B. Warner
P. S. Bailey
B. B. Blakely
G. R. Blalock
G. L. Cunningham
J. E. Ferguson
G. K. Sumerel
H. B. Workman

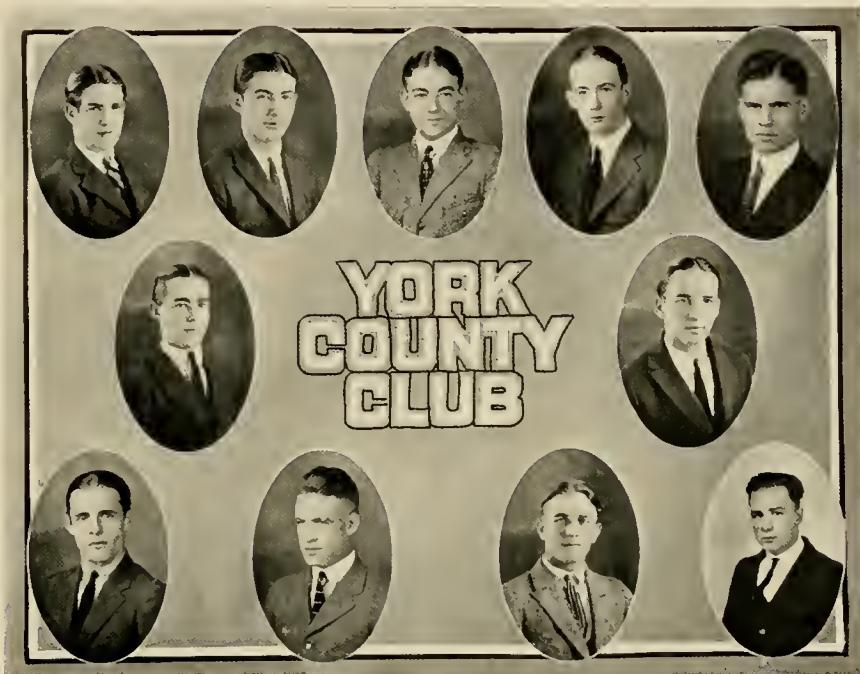


D. F. Kirven President
 S. H. Edmunds Vice-President
 J. W. Shaw Secretary and Treasurer

Members

Edmunds, R. L.
 Gourdine, W. P.
 Raffield, J. E.
 Clarke, F. K.
 Edmunds, D. D.

McLaurin, H. J.
 Weldon, V. P.
 Whilden, R. H.
 Foxworth, G. M.
 McCaskill, E.



MOTTO: "Then Will I Raise Aloft the Milk-White Rose."

FLOWER: White Rose

COLORS: White

T. G. Dulin	President
H. L. Laws	Vice-President
H. M. Dunlap	Secretary and Treasurer

Members

R. G. Henry
W. L. Hicklin
J. L. Plexico
W. R. Ricker
H. L. Laws

J. B. Kennedy

T. C. Branson
H. Clinton
B. Fewell
B. E. Ratchford
P. Whisonant



The Dark Corner Club

MOTTO: "*Day by Day in Every Way We Grow Darker and Darker.*"

FLOWER: *Cereus*

COLOR: *Mourning Black*

M. C. Dendy	<i>President</i>
E. D. McMahan	<i>Vice-President</i>
L. L. Perry	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>

Members

S. N. Hughs
T. F. Wallace
J. N. Price
C. Cureton

E. A. Drummond

E. E. Sheldon
C. H. Boggs
C. C. Hindman
C. Woodside



The Hobo Club

MOTTO: "Swing 'em Daily."

FLOWER: *For-Get-It Not.*

COLOR: *Usually Smutty.*

Side-door-Pullman Cornwall	<i>President</i>
Skinner Wilson	<i>Vice-President</i>
River Banks	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>

Colleagues and Intrigues

One-Foot Branson
Catch-it-low Montgomery
Coal Car Hunt
Midnight Fuller
Horse Car Henry

Sure-Catch Robinson

Alfalfa Hay
Roamin' McMurray
Slim Jim Sims
Beatsit Lawton
Swifty Clinton



The Dirty Dozen

Roll of Dishonor

Drinksit Dunlap	<i>President</i>
Tote-the-loot Cornwall	<i>Vice-President</i>
Chief Holdup Mason	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>
Dark Night Dulin	Wicked Clowney
Yegg Fewell	Snag Anderson
Dare Devil Edmunds	Hardboiled Raffield
Knockout Scott	Snake Hicklin
Crooked Tilda Wallace	



BOOK VII
FEATURES



The Bells

Music by M. C. Dendy, words by C. J. Milling

Necessary apologies Edgar Allen Poe

I.

*Hear the merry morning bells—
Rising bells!
What a day of punishment their melody foretells!
How they ring with Satan's tinkle
In the freezing air of morn!
While the icicles o'er sprinkle,
Shorty's optics, how they twinkle.
Zero weather, how they scorn;
Keeping time, time, time
In a demoniac rhyme.
To the cursing and the swearing that immedintely wells
When the students hear the ringing of the bells, bells, bells.
Oh! the banging and the clanging of the bells.*

II.

*See Bill Porter ring his bells—
Schedule bells!
What an hour of happiness their harmony foretells!
Thru' the balmy air of Spring
How they musically ring
From their mottled-golden-notes—
I don't think!
What a liquid ditty peals
To the dealer as he listens, while he deals—
On the blink.
Oh! from out the sounding cells
What a foul profanity valuminously swells!
How he rears!
How he tears!
Junt Jemina! how he swears!
When their summons loud he hears.
Summons calling, summons falling
From the bells, bells, bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells
Bells, bells, bells.
To the suenring and the jeering of the bells!*

III.

*Hear the welcome Mess Hall bells—
Dinner bells!
What a meal of soup and hash their melody foretells!
In the humid ear of noon
See the ebon visaged coon.
How the hungry students rush
For their bowl of slum and slush;
And the waiters deftly glide
To and fro;*

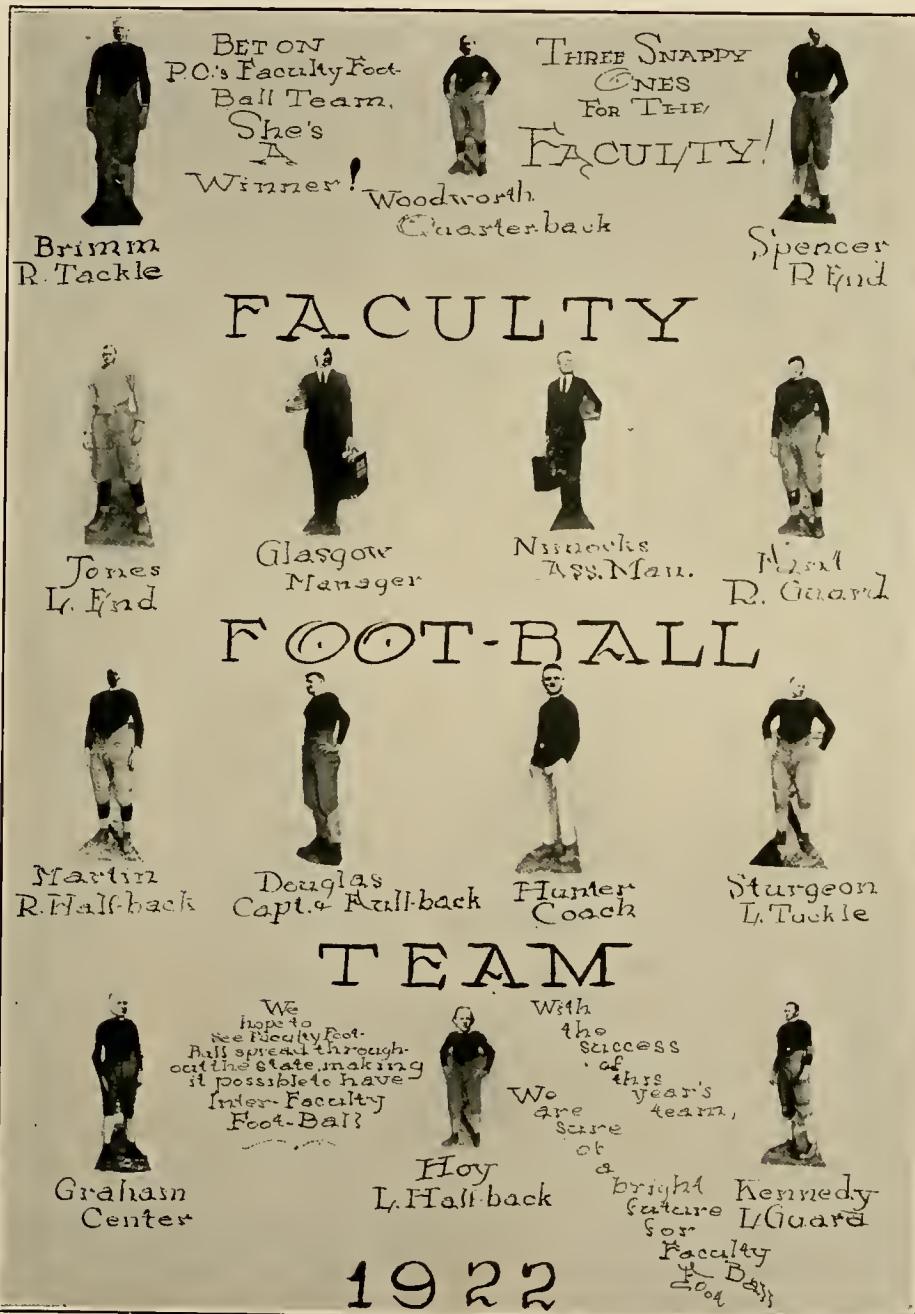
*As they hasten eggs to bring us, eggs that slide
 As they go.
 Hear the music of the soup
 And the "sloop, sloop, sloop"
 Of the slum.
 While the students ever grabbing
 For the biscuits, ever stabbing
 Ancient cow.
 Oh, the chow, chow, chow, chow.
 Chow, chow, chow!
 How it follows up the ringing of the bells.*

IV.

*Hear the summons of the bells
 Sabbath bells!
 Two long hours of misery their prophecy foretells!
 On the Sunday air so sweet
 Their dread summons they repeat
 Every week.
 And the frantic hasty shaving,
 And the insufficient laving,
 Dumbly speak
 Of the students rushing madly
 Shaking heads and sighing sadly;
 Tho' they'd freely go, and gladly
 Not compelled.
 Go they must for more's the pity
 By the dread absence committee
 If they go not they're expelled!
 So they hear with desperation the compelling invocation,
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells.
 And the sighing and the crying of the bells.*

IV.

*See the lovely, sparkling belles—
 Clinton belles!
 What a world of pleasant dreams their memory compels!
 How they gave us inspiration
 Day by day
 Throughout our education,
 In our hours of tribulation
 Holding sway.
 Truest hearts and fairest faces,
 Tho' we move to other places.
 We will hold
 In our hearts thy fond affection,
 Turn a Clintonward direction
 Find true gold.
 Ere our fond farewell we take
 Swear we never to forsake
 The sweet memories of the presence of the belles, belles, belles,
 Of the belles, belles, belles, belles,
 Belles, belles, belles,
 Of the Clinton and the Thornwell College belles.*



The Faculty in Football Parlance

Douglas, D. M.—Full Back and Captain—Captain Douglas has always been the life of the team. He usually plays his most spectacular game in the early fall when the days are hot. He has the making of a great fullback and with four or five years experience he will be a wonder.

* * * * *

Woodworth, M. G.—Quarter-back—Woody's toe has been responsible for many a team's defeat (Including his own). He is fast and shifty. It is on the gridiron that he shows his real head work. Woodworth, ole boy, your future lies before you and as you said Shakespeare said: "It may be the fourth down, but you are never out."

* * * * *

Fant, A. T.—Right Guard Adolphus hails from the great west. He is a hard worker, always playing a good guard, when guarding his own interest. He has a natural aptitude for getting in the way of the runner, especially when he comes around for interference. We predict a great past for "Red" and our wishes for success are with him.

* * * * *

Sturgeon, H. E.—Left Tackle—As a football player, this man is a great Chemist. Put a bottle of H₂S under a goal post and call left tackle back; then watch the results. Touch downs are never made over him—even if he has to tackle his own man to keep him from going over. Go to it Sturge—Show 'em how it's done.

* * * * *

Jones, F. D.—End - Dudley is a man who believes that games can be won by psychology, and he believes in doing things at the psychological moment. If that moment never comes—don't do anything. Ever since he made that sixty yard trip for a touchdown he has been a fixed star—never moving unless a play is run over him; then he gets out of the way. Good work Jones, keep it up.

* * * * *

Spencer—Right End—Spence has been a mainstay on the local aggregation for the past thirty-one years. He is a wonder at getting down under punts, and he snags forward passes where "they ain't none." This lad is more valuable for his ability to uncannily diagnose the new French and Greek plays that have hitherto proven so complicated. Go to it, boy, we expect much of you!

* * * * *

Graham—Center Who said a married man can't play football? Look at Bothwell, for instance. As a great gridiron center he is fine on the absence committee. He can pass anything from a spiral on punt formation to Bill Lewis on Spanish formation. Bothwell's spryness and activity, combined with his great store of energy and speed, makes him invaluable in diagnosing Woody's signals.

* * * * *

Kennedy—Left Guard "Hold on a minute, Woodworth. I see on the margin of my rule book that it is illegal for my opponent to be on my side of the line. This author says he is off-side. Wait until I get some more peanuts before you call that signal. "The only thing that keeps James Boyd from being our best guard is that we have another one besides him. He is a clean sportsman and a stickler for the rules, as is implied by the above words quoted by him in the game with Babcock Institute of Columbia.

Brimm—Right Tackle—Dan, as he is affectionately known by his team-mates, did not take up football until late in life, but today he ranks as one of the states leading tackles of all times. His specialty lies in his knack of cutting the interference in chronological order—also as a check on Woody's pronunciation of English.

* * * * *

Martin—Right Half—One glare from Mart is usually sufficient to open up a wagon road thru' any line in the country. He is one of the few backs who can play a game without reference to the table of logarithms or square roots. He is invaluable because of his ability to instantly tell the square root of any signal, which is essential to the proper execution of the play. Martin is a member of the All-state Faculty team.

* * * * *

Hoy—Left Half "The gridiron amoeba" won his letter on the faculty team his freshman year, three years ago. Since that time he has been going like a house afire. His name is a by-word, where ever faculty football is played. He can buck the line, run, pass, punt, flunk—especially the latter—with especial facility. He is an ideal half-back, and we look forward with eagerness to his next campaign.

* * * * *

Hunter—Coach—Hawk can coach anything from a football team to the writing of a check for the board bill. He knows all the fine points of the game, and above all he has the confidence of his men. When he decides on the stradegy to be used the boys carry it out without question. Undoubtedly coach Hunter is the genius responsible for so many stars on the Faculty aggregation, which has won the state championship for 31 years straight.

* * * * *

Glasgow—Manager—"Ed" can manage anything, but the thing that he can manage best is to make his assistants do the heavy work. He makes a tidy sum on every trip—and perhaps his feeding is the reason so many of his men are so sleek and plump. He always has the soap on hand after practice, and his massages for brnised limbs and muscles are famous the world over.

* * * * *

Nimocks—Assistant Manager—David will be somebody's good manager someday. He is in training now for the executive chair held by Glasgow. Nimocks always has the field lined off nicely, and the water bucket is always nearby in case of injury to the pet "bay-window." This shy youth is one of the most valuable members of the Faculty squad.



*IT STARTS PROMPTLY
IN THE COLDEST WEATHER
"JUST THE RIGHT MATERIAL"*

*Helps you men look your best
Are You Doing This*

Magic nights

A good thing

*Helps ANY Career!
It happens in most families
what memories it recalls!*

When imagination and common sense work together

"The Art of Attracting Men"

It Kills pain!

*She leads an active life
Why Miss Half the Fun In Life?
Make the Most of Your Spare Time!*

When She Grows Up

*Human Nature
Delicious
Have You Ever
Worth \$50 an Hour
Warm Welcome*

How Strong Are You

What Are You Thinking About?

When

*Worth You Be
Happier If You Were
Worth Millions?*

*For Young, For Old,
For Everybody*

*Advice to College Men:
How fast
"You Told Me to Do It Like That!"
double action!" Stop! Look! Think!*

*The Nearest I Ever Came to Death
Nothing Else Like It*

For Your Health's Sake

The Day Always Comes—to Those Who Hang On Tight

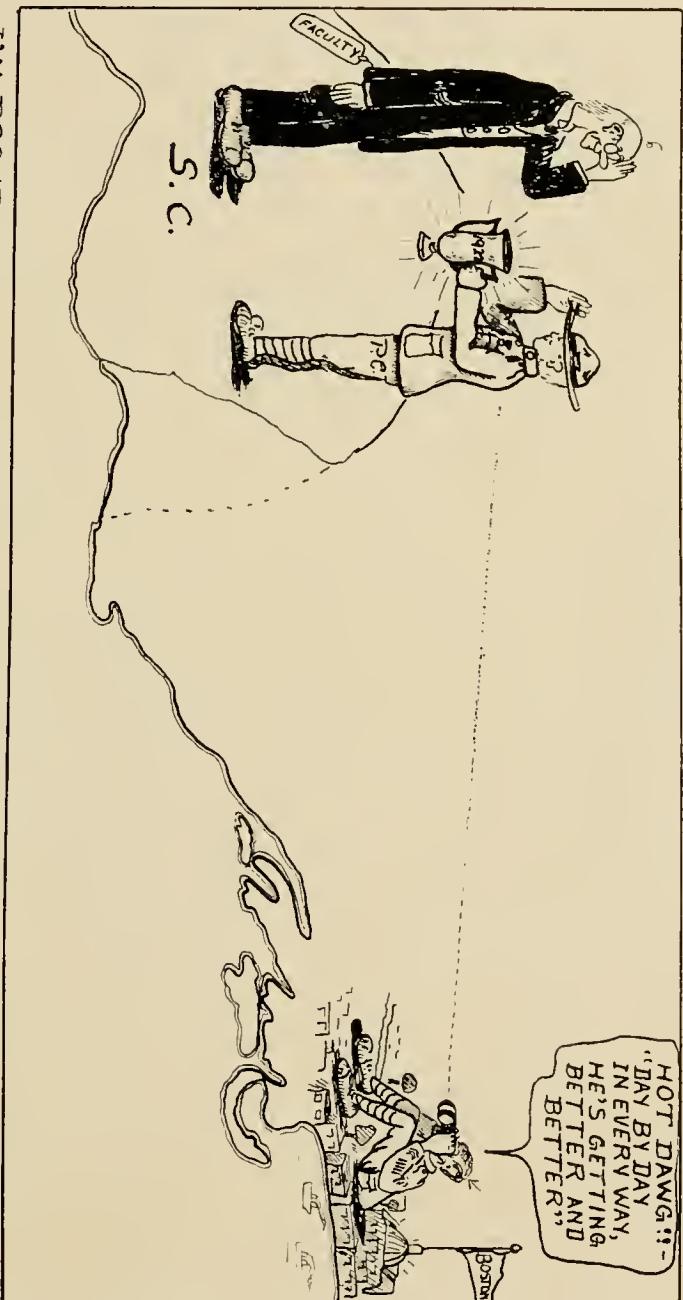
*Their First Investment
"Do It Better—and Do It in Your Own Way"*

*Cracked Lips
A GOOD PLACE
Profitable Pleasure*

*Ideas Are Worthless Unless You Put Them Over
Save Fuel Keep Warm*

*Every Day In Every Way We Give Better Service
It Pays
Is There Anything Here That Other Men Couldn't Do?
You wouldn't have blamed her either
For Better Health
You would not long for your dinner
What Are You Thinking About?*

I'M PROUD OF YOU R.C. AND I'M WATCHING YOU.— Spt. Brundage



Jokes

Milling: "Mac, have a chew of tobacco."

MacDonald: "I don't even steal."

—PaC-SaC—

Bomar going in Wade's room sees him putting on a pair of sox with practically no feet in them. "Wade says: what are you doing with my sox?"

—PaC-SaC—

*The example of one Ima Fool,
Whose ways were debarred from a rule:
His clothes he did rent,
For his money he'd spent
At punch boards and poker and pool.*

—PaC-SaC—

Dr. Spencer: "Who was Homer?"

Wise Soph: "The man who made Babe Ruth famous."

—PaC-SaC—

*She was peeved and called him Mr.
Oh no! not because he'd Kr.
But this made her sore—
On the night just before
This same Mr. Kr. Sr.*

—PaC-SaC—

Clowney claims all of the credit for P. C. winning first place at Camp McClellan last summer. And he is logical in his reasoning, for he says if he had attended camp, he knows that P. C. would not have won.

—PaC-SaC—

Dr. Jones: "Mr. MacDonald, who were the Jacobites?"

Mac: "The descendants of Jacob."

—PaC-SaC—

1st. Stude: "There's one freshman here so ignorant that he thought Sing Sing was the Chinese National Anthem!"

2nd. Stude: "That's nothing. I heard a Soph. say that the Western Union was a Cowboy Wedding!"

—PaC-SaC—

Dr. Kennedy: "Mr. Scott, what was the 'O-Grab-Me' Act?"

Scott: "It must be the latest dance out, Dr."

—PaC-SaC—

This is the story of Johnnie McGuire.

Who rushed down the street with his thousers on fire.

He went to the doctor and fainted in fright

When the doctor said, "Johnnie, your end is in sight!"

—PaC-SaC—

It was in the mess hall the morning following the event of Prof. Fant becoming a father. Prof. Fant was cheered by every student, and a continuous uproar filled the mess hall until Father Fant calmly arose and said in a natural tone of voice: "It is surprising that such a little thing could cause such a commotion."

*The man who hesitates is lost.
The woman who hesitates is one.*

PaC-SaC

*Sleek Syril H. Algy deMort
With a bottle of bootleg was caught.
Said the faculty, "Come!
To the railroad, you bum!
This ain't no darned winter resort."*

PaC-SaC

*Now this is the pityful ditty
Of the boy and the absence committee,
Like other young asses
He wouldn't meet classes
So he had to go home. What a pity!*

Harmony

By IVAN AWKULCOFF

*Hail Columbia! Happy land!
Listen to that jazzing band.
Sighs, and blares, and thundrous crash,
Breaking of a window sash,
Thumps and squeals, and blatant roar,
Tootles three, and tweedles four.
Trombone solo, what a scream!
Opium eaters fearful dream.
Sobs and bangs and coo-coo call
Ancient Rome's licentious fall!
Roll of drum and squeak of fife
Steamboat whistle, discord rife.
Wood block's sharp, staccato click
Roll of bone and whack of stick.
Wail of cat in dire distress
Very like, I must confess.
Crow of rooster, moo of cow
Bark of doggie "Bow! wow! wow!"
Rake of saw, and mallet's maul
P. C. Orchestra, that's all.*

PaC-SaC

Clarke: "I cannot live without you, you are the very breath of my life."
She: "Why darling, why don't you hold your breath."

PaC-SaC

Monk: "Rat Beaty, go find that fellow named Lumock for me."

Beaty: Rat Beaty in order to find the man, associated his name with the name stomach. He was unable to find the man and returned to Monk saying, "I couldn't find that fellow named 'Kelly'!"

PaC-SaC

Barcus: "Coon, you are as ugly as midnight!"

Coon: "Aw go on with that funny stuff, you are somewhere about eleven-thirty yourself."



Presbyterian College
of South Carolina
CLINTON, S. C.

Everybody is talking about the record made by P. C. in football last fall. The class room work is just as excellent. Beautiful buildings, strong faculty and attractive student body.

Students expecting to enter College next fall should correspond with the president early in order to secure accommodations. The College will have more applications than it can take care of next year.

D. M. Douglas, President

Columbia Theological Seminary

Columbia, S. C.

JOHN M. WELLS. President

Columbia Seminary is one of the oldest Seminaries in the United States, having been organized in the early part of the 19th Century when most of the Seminaries in the United States were founded. At that time, it was on the border line of Presbyterianism in the Southwest. There were about six thousand communicants within its territory, known as the "Synod of South Carolina and Georgia." Now, it is owned and controlled by the four Synods of South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama and Florida, having nearly one hundred thousand communicants, with a vast population of unchurched people to serve. The demand for ministers is greater than the supply, even for established Churches. If we did all the evangelistic work that should be done, the demand would be still greater.

Columbia Seminary is the best Seminary for the man who expects to give his life to his own section of the Southland. The tradition and local interests all stimulate a zeal for our own homeland, as well as intense interest in Foreign Missions.

For detailed information, write:

HUGH R. MURCHISON

Executive Secretary

PAC-SAC

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T IS EVER OUR AIM TO GIVE TO THE PUBLIC MERCHANDISE THAT WILL MAKE OF EACH PURCHASER A CUSTOMER. WE ONLY MAKE A LEGITIMATE PROFIT, AND WE ALWAYS GIVE VALUE \$ FOR \$.

We deem it a pleasure to serve the college boys, and in so doing we exert every effort to please them. They are always welcome in our store, whether to buy or to visit, and we assure them that every courtesy will be extended to make them feel at home.

WE APPRECIATE THE PATRONAGE FROM THE COLLEGE BOYS in the past, and we trust to merit it in the future along with their confidence and friendship. :: :: ::

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CLOTHING COMPANY
The Mens Shop
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Clinton, S. C.

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Buy Here and You Buy Well

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If It is to Be Had at a Drug Store We Have It

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"The Old Reliable"

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Prices and Quality—First, Last and Always Guaranteed.

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EVERYTHING THAT AN UP-TO-DATE DRUG STORE SHOULD HAVE, and Here are Some of Our "Exclusives:

Norris Candies, Sophie Mae Peanut Brittle, Mavais Chocolates, Ever-sharp Pencils, Everready Flashlights and Accessories, Waterman's and Wahl's Fountain Pens, Current Magazines, and everything else that one naturally expects to find in an UP-TO-DATE DRUG STORE.

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Phone 400—Clinton, S. C.—Phone 400

CLINTON, S. C.

The First National Bank

CLINTON, S. C.

Capital	\$100,000
Surplus	50,000

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